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A SEAMAN'S GRAVE.

INDEPENDENTLY of any personal interest, sailors are always very desirous that no one should die aboard their vessel; or rather, they have a great objection to the body of any who has died remaining among them. This is a superstition easily accounted for with men whose entire lives are passed, as it were, on the very edge of the grave, and who have quite enough, as they suppose, to remind them of their mortality without the actual presence of the effects.

An idea prevails among them that sharks will follow a ship which has a corpse on board for a whole voyage; and the loss of a mast, the long duration of a foul wind, or any other inconvenience, is sure to be ascribed to the same influence. Accordingly when a man dies on board ship there is an obvious anxiety among the crew to get rid of their late shipmate as soon as possible.

It need not be mentioned that the surgeon is in constant attendance upon the dying man, who has generally been removed from his hammock to a cot, which is larger and more commodious, and is placed within a screen on one side of the sick-bay, as the hospital of the ship is called. It is usual for the captain to pass through this place and to speak to the men every morning; and I imagine there is hardly a ship in the service in which wines, fresh meat, and any other supplies recommended by the surgeon are not sent from the tables of the captain and officers to such of the men who require a more generous diet than the ship's stores provide. The restoration of the health of the invalids by such supplies is perhaps not more important than the moral influence of the attention on the part of the officers.

Every captain ought to be seen, no matter for how short a time, by the bedside of any of his crew whom the surgeon may report as dying. Not occasionally, but uniformly, in the quiet sobriety of real kindness, as well as hearty consideration for the feelings of a man falling at his post in the service of his country. The *éclat* of such a death is inferior, no doubt, to that which occurs in battle; but we should recollect that on this very account the sacrifice deserves more attention at our hands. The merit is not less when the soldier or sailor dies in a distant land, his story untold, his sufferings unseen.

As soon as the surgeon's ineffectual offices are at an end he walks to the quarter-deck and reports to the officer of the watch that one of his patients has just expired. At whatever hour of the day or night this occurs, the captain is immediately acquainted with the circumstance. At the same time the master-at-arms is ordered to take charge of the dead man's clothes. Very shortly after poor Jack dies he is prepared for his deep-sea grave by his messmates, who, with the assistance of the sail-maker, in the presence of the master-at-arms, sew him up in his hammock, and having placed a couple of shot at his feet, they rest the body (which now not a little resembles an Egyptian mummy) on a spare grating. Some portion of the bedding is usually made up so as to prevent the form being too much seen. It is then carried aft and placed between two of the guns on the starboard side of the half-deck, with the union-jack thrown over all.

Next day, generally about eleven o'clock, the bell on which the half-hours are struck is tolled for the funeral by one of the quarter-masters of the watch below, or by one of the deceased's messmates, and all who choose to be present assemble on the gangways, booms, and around the main-mast, while the fore part of the quarter-deck is occupied by the officers.

While the people are repairing to the deck in obedience to the summons of the bell, the grating on which the body is placed is taken on deck by the messmates of the man who has died, and made to rest across the lee-gangway. The body is still covered by the flag, with the feet projecting a little over the gunwale, while the messmates of the deceased range themselves on each side. A rope which is kept out of sight in these arrangements is then made fast to the grating, for a purpose which will be hereafter explained.

When all is ready, the chaplain, if there be one on board, or if not the captain, or officer he may desire to officiate, appears on the quarter-deck, and commences the beautiful service, which, though but too familiar to most ears, never fails to rivet the attention even of the most rude and least reflecting.

The bell has ceased to toll, and every one stands in silence and uncovered as the prayers are read. There can be no more attentive and apparently reverent auditory than assembles on board a ship of war on the occasion of a shipmate's burial.

At the words, "we commit his body to the deep," one of the seamen stoops down and disengages the flag from the remains, while the others project the grating right into the sea. The body, being loaded with shot at one end, glances off the grating, plunges at once into the ocean, and,

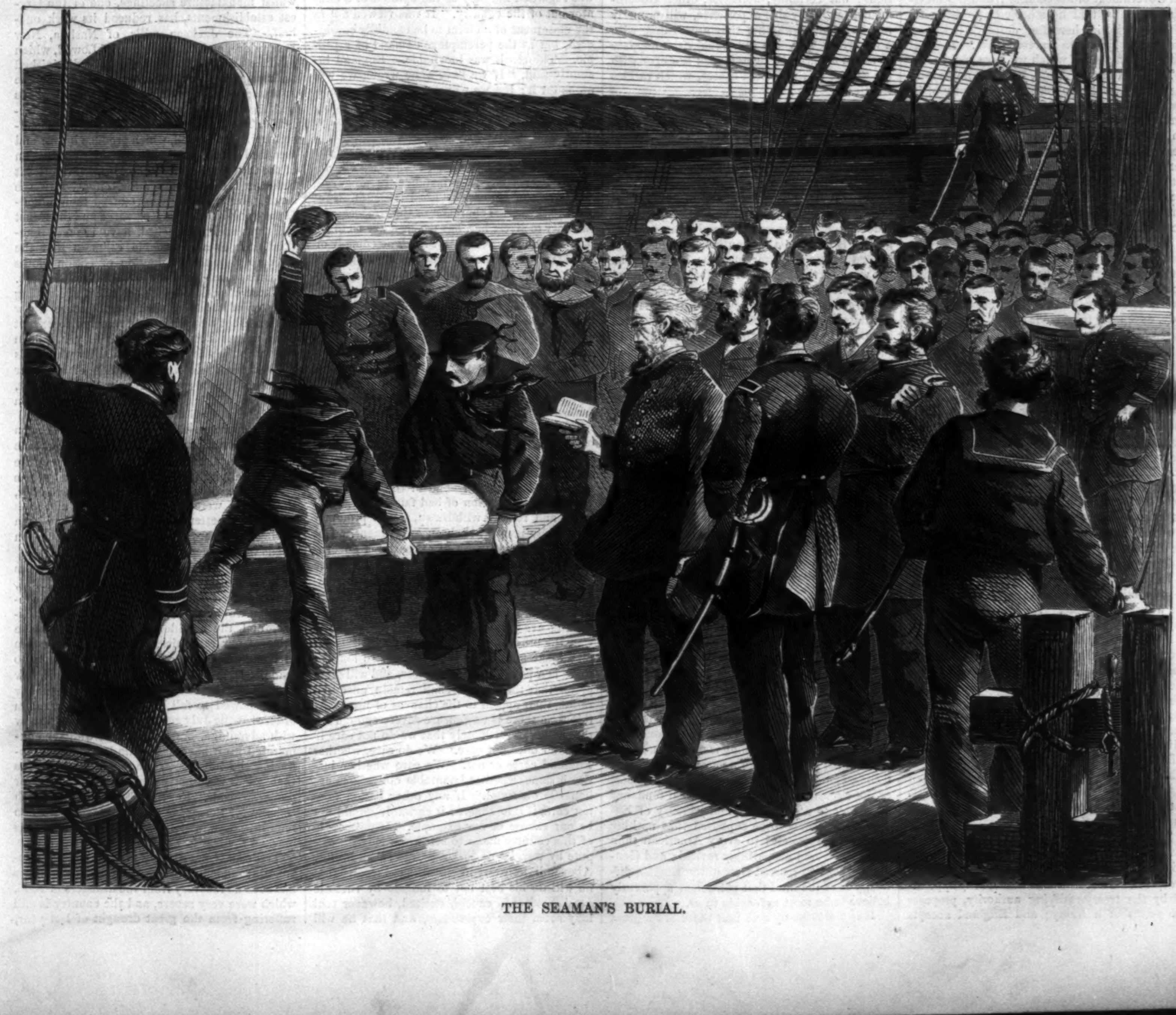
> "In a moment, like a drop of rain,
> He sinks into its depths with bubbling groan,
> Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

This part of the ceremony is rather less impressive than the correspondent part on land, but still there is something solemn as well as startling in the sudden splash, followed by the sound of the grating as it is towed along under the main-chains.

On a fine day at sea, in smooth water, and when all the ship's company and officers are assembled, the ceremony just described, although a melancholy one, as it must always be, is often so pleasing, all things considered, that it is calculated to leave even cheerful impressions on the mind.

CITY MISSIONS.

WITH the rapidly increasing wealth of the metropolis there has been a gratifying advance in the scale of benevolent giving, and in no direction is there better evidence of this than in the large and well-appointed buildings for missionary purposes which have been erected by our charitable citizens within a few years past. Many of our readers are familiar with the operations of the New York City Mission, the oldest union organization in the field, and know in general that the band of missionary men and women who



THE SEAMAN'S BURIAL.

are constantly going their rounds of love and mercy are accomplishing a vast amount of good. But not many of our citizens know so well that the friends of this cause, being desirous of giving to the people more commodious and attractive places of worship, lately commenced a building fund for the purpose, and have already raised $100,000 and upward, one-half of which has been expended in the erection of Olivet Chapel and Parsonage in Second Street, and the Lebanon Chapel in Columbia Street. The real estate now held by the society is valued at $60,000, and is entirely free and unincumbered. The Executive Committee, of which Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY is Chairman, composed of active pastors and influential business men connected with eight different religious denominations, are desirous of securing a permanent location for the oldest mission of the society in the First Ward, and also for promising missions in the Fifth, Sixth, and Fourteenth Wards; but the very high prices asked for property have delayed these enterprises.

Other missions in the city have been pushing forward in the same line, as the Methodist City Mission, the Howard Mission, the missions of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, the Collegiate Reformed Church, the Wilson Mission, the Female Guardian Mission, and others. If any of our men of wealth will look into this mission work, and see the practical philanthropy at work in these mission stations and chapels, we are sure they will be well satisfied with the charitable investments that have been already made, and will be encouraged to give still more liberally for the extension and growth of these most indispensable and worthy objects.

Mr. JACKSON, the Secretary of the City Mission, has, in his valuable reports, given full particulars of the various operations of these city missions and their valuable results; and any of our readers desiring further information of their plans and purposes will do well to call at the Room No. 30 Bible House.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1869.

A NECESSARY REFORM.

THE unfortunate situation in which the St. Thomas treaty has been left, and the rejection of the English treaty, have shown in the strongest light a defect of our constitutional system. The Embassador of the United States, it now appears, may not in the least represent the Government of his country; and the inevitable result is, that no other country will care to treat with him hereafter unless it is known whether he is really a representative. Look at the two instances of which we have spoken.

The Secretary of State, who has no seat in the Senate, and who acts independently of it, instructs the Embassador whom the Senate has confirmed to propose a negotiation to the Danish Government. He says, indeed, that the treaty must be finally ratified by the Senate, but the Danish Ministry knows that it must be ratified also by the Danish Assembly; and as the Ministry is its representative, so it naturally considers the Embassador to whose appointment the Senate has consented as the representative of the Senate. The negotiation proceeds. The terms of the treaty are finally adjusted. The Danish Minister signs, the United States Minister signs. The Dane is in the confidence of the Danish Assembly, and his signature binds that body, except for reasonable cause. The United States Minister is in the confidence of nobody but the Secretary of State, and his signature binds nobody whatsoever.

Or take the case of the English treaty, and let us put it in the most plausible way. The claims for settlement arising from the *Alabama* and other ships have been for a long time before the English Government. It knows that the subject is a sore one, but must be approached. The United States Secretary of State has suggested arbitration, but nothing has been settled: that remains for a new Embassador. Now the British Government may be presumed to be aware of the conflict between the President and the Senate. It sees that the quarrel is bitter; and again it may be supposed to think it better to leave the negotiation to the Administration about coming into power as really representing the will of the people. But the President one day nominates to the Senate an Embassador or Minister to England whom the Senate unanimously confirms. It is the same Senate which has already rejected other candidates—the Senate which will pass upon all the nominations of General GRANT, and whose unanimous voice must be interpreted to mean that in the settlement of the question for which mainly the new Minister is sent he represents the authority that will finally decide. It is perfectly well known what the new Minister is to undertake; can it be supposed that the Senate would unanimously confirm him unless it acknowledged him as its representative?

The Minister reaches London, and negotiations begin. The proposal for arbitration came originally from the United States, and England accepts it. The Minister, unanimously appointed by the treaty-ratifying authority, proposes the terms of a treaty; and England accepts them. The Ministers sign the treaty; and what is the necessary presumption? Certainly it can be nothing else than that as Lord STANLEY, representing the final authority in England, speaks the will of that authority, so Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, representing the same authority in his country, and by express election, also represents the will of that authority. But the fact is as in the case of Denmark. Lord STANLEY's signature binds England; Mr. JOHNSON's binds nobody. The treaty which the unanimously-appointed agent of the Senate has proposed, and which has been, without serious modification, accepted, is thrown by the Senate contemptuously out of the window with a loud cry of something very like bad faith against the power to which its agent proposed the treaty.

Can any situation be more absurd? Can any self-respecting nation consent to treat with the agent of the United States until it knows whether the principal is in the least bound by him, and whether the principal will consider himself at liberty to scout with ignominy the acts of his fully-authorized representative? Would not Lord CLARENDON, for instance, be justified in saying to Mr. MOTLEY, if he should propose any action whatever, "My dear Embassador, no man can respect and admire you more than I, and it is none of my business to interfere with the machinery of your Government. But I must respect the honor of my own, and that does not permit me to treat upon unequal terms. If you have any proposition to make, how can you show me that you speak for the authority in the United States that will finally decide upon it?" No sensible man could quarrel with such a question. He could only reply that his credentials were the nomination of the President and the confirmation of the Senate and the instructions of the State Department. To which Lord CLARENDON in turn would very pertinently rejoin, "And such were Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's, but his work was scornfully repudiated."

The point of the difficulty and the method of reform seem to be equally plain. The Senate knew nothing of the merits of the St. Thomas negotiation. It originated with the Secretary of State, who had the President's assent. But the Senate, if it knew of the transaction at all, knew nothing of its conditions and progress. In other words, the agent of the Senate acted under instructions from another authority. It was the same in the English case. Certainly the Senate was not bound to approve the acts of its agent acting under such instructions; but certainly, hereafter, other Governments, taught by this experience, will properly require to know whether they are dealing with a wholly irresponsible individual, who happens at the moment to be Secretary of State, or with the Senate of the United States, which ratifies treaties.

Now, to equalize the representative character of the United States Minister with that of other Ministers, that which is presumed must be made a fact. The Minister must really speak for them, and therefore no negotiations should be undertaken except by the authority of the Senate. The Secretary of State must be prohibited from instructing and proposing to other Powers at his own will, and whatever suggestion is made to a foreign government by the United States Minister must be known to be the word of the body that controls our foreign relations. Then, when the Minister of another country deals with our representative, he will understand that he deals with an authorized agent. He will know that he is treating with the treaty-making power, and when every thing is done he will not, as now, have the uncomfortable and ridiculous conviction that he has not only not seen a principal, but that he has had no means whatever of knowing the policy or even the wishes of the principal.

If we content ourselves with saying that every foreign Government knows that the Senate alone ratifies treaties, we must remember that the action of the Senate hitherto has justified the assumption that the Minister represented it. But the St. Thomas and the English treaties have taught those Governments that he may not represent it, and they will act accordingly.

INTERNATIONAL CANDOR.

THERE can be no doubt that the discussion which has been excited by the speech of Mr. SUMNER will be of the greatest service, and that the real merits of the question between England and this country will be much more accurately understood. What is needed is to look at the matter not as partisans whose minds are already determined, but as honest and honorable men, who know that nothing is more contemptible than the indulgence of a permanently hostile feeling against any nation. The worst aspect of the situation is the usual common tendency to pander to a supposed blind jealousy of England. It seems to be supposed that nothing can be more grateful to every American than to hear England unsparingly reviled; and General BUTLER's reported view of the English difficulty is of the kind that politicians apparently believe to be most agreeable to us.

It is undoubtedly true that there are a great many Americans to whom such remarks as are attributed to General BUTLER will be very welcome. To propose a peremptory settlement within six months, of course upon our terms; to follow the refusal to entertain such a summons with a proclamation of non-intercourse, and to anticipate revolution and civil war in England as the inevitable result, is something so detestable that if it be untrue that he said it, as is universally reported, General BUTLER ought to relieve himself from the imputation. "Who are the leaders?" is a question that has a very disagreeable insinuation and pertinency after such stuff is published as gravely uttered by prominent men in the dominant party.

Americans are perhaps not very fond of Englishmen; but there are plenty of Americans who are fond of fair play, and who will insist that England shall have in the settlement of the dispute what they are perhaps inclined to believe England did not show to us in the beginning of it. Indeed, we have little doubt that England—by which term we now mean the British Government—had virtually decided to yield the substantial point at issue by agreeing to arbitration. We said so in the remarks we made at the time that the treaty was published. Nor can there be much question that if Mr. ADAMS had remained in London the whole subject would now be upon the high-road to satisfactory adjustment. The practical perplexity throughout upon our part has been the unwillingness to accept any adjustment which did not satisfy the sense of outrage. We were perhaps hardly in a condition to see that such an adjustment was impossible. It presupposed the voluntary humiliation of England—and of course England would be willing to humiliate herself when we are—but not before. It can not be said that we consciously proposed humiliation; but we did insist, in feeling at least, that England must regard the whole subject from our precise point of view, and agree to what we thought fit to propose, before we could consent to treat in detail.

Mr. SUMNER made his speech. England was accused, and her offenses detailed, and the force of the American complaint stated. It was done with skill and that kind of intensity of treatment of which Mr. SUMNER is very capable, and the country saw its emotion, however vague, expressed in precise and weighty words. But when the English editors read the speech, instead of printing it they made abstracts merely, and gave first to the English public not what Mr. SUMNER had said, but what they thought of what he had said. It was regarded not only as the opinion of a Senator but of the country. It was viewed not as the statement of a claim to be candidly considered, but as the peremptory demand of a people. The result was inevitable. England instantly said, "If we have done wrong we will atone for it; but we will not say, upon a question of precedent and law, to be determined by an investigation of facts, that we are guilty. That we will leave to arbitration."

Now we think, as we said last week, that the conduct of England was not friendly. The delay of twelve days, for instance, in procuring the advice of counsel by Lord RUSSELL in regard to the actual character of the *Alabama* and the duty to arrest her, has never, it seems to us, been satisfactorily explained. The comedy of Mr. HARDING's stomach-ache was not laughable, but it was no less absurd. Now, upon this very delay the whole question of reasonable precaution—the essential question—will probably finally rest. If the English Government chooses to assert that all reasonable precautions were taken, but that it will not insist upon the point against the judgment of a proper arbitrator, does it leave us any really honorable ground of complaint as to that point? We might indeed prefer a more magnanimous course. We might wish that England would waive the strict point of legality under international precedent, and, in the interests of good-fellowship and civilization, proffer us restitution. We believe that there are Englishmen—and of the very best—who, if all imputation of bad faith were generously and readily withdrawn, would promptly and gladly propose such an adjustment. But it is perhaps too much to expect of a government. It is certainly too much to anticipate of any government which considers itself insulted.

There are but two practicable methods of settling every international difference—one is war, the other arbitration; and no honest and intelligent man invokes the former so long as there is a possibility of the latter, and will often prefer that the dispute shall remain unsettled rather than appeal to the chances of war. At this time there is no censure severe enough for those who assert loosely that we do not care if England does not care. We do care, whether England cares or not. We care whether justice is done, whether honorable obligations are honestly observed. If any other nation does not care, it is its shame; it certainly should not be our excuse or our example. If the people of this country mean to settle the English dispute by war, let us declare it, not sneak into it. Above all, let every intelligent man resolve that he will do his best not to inflame by rhetoric passions already enough excited, however cool may seem their expression; and that he will take care, so far as he may, to see that the truth of the essential details is set before the country.

STATE OF TRADE.

THE anomalous condition which we have frequently referred to of the cotton trade and manufacture, existing on this side of the Atlantic as well as in England, still continues. Both bleached and brown goods are lower in proportion than raw cotton at its present price. Middling was selling on the 28th as follows: Upland Florida, 28¾; Mobile, 29; New Orleans, 29¼; Texas, 29½. According to the estimates of sagacious merchants cloths were selling here at an average of from 5 to 7 per cent. below what the price of middlings would justify. At Manchester and Preston the disproportion was not as great, but it was sufficient to produce serious effects. It is difficult always for outsiders to ascertain with precision the exact cost of the manufacture, and whether or not the complaints made of loss are true, but when attended with such events as have lately occurred both abroad and in this country, all doubt is at an end. The stoppage of mills has occurred on both sides of the water for this cause alone.

This fact is very significant, and particularly in England, where the closing of the mills is attended with the actual loss of skilled workmen; whereas here they go into other occupations, and return, if need be, to their usual labors on a revival of industry. At Preston both spinners and weavers continue to emigrate; but although they are sent to Canada as part of the policy to build up colonies out of the population which England is obliged annually to lose, they remain there only long enough to be able to pay their way to the coveted asylum. Canada looks on amazed at the stream of population, old and newly imported, which steadily flows into our country. The future is announced in this tendency, which will go on depopulating the Old World and aggrandizing the New, until we become the acknowledged seat of superior industry, wealth, and power.

The manufacturers there and here were producing more goods than were being consumed, and there could be no doubt of the ultimate effect of over-production. We have followed the English in stopping many looms.

At Newburyport the Bartlet, the James, and the Ocean steam mills, all very large and engaged in the production of bleached goods, have stopped work. The Atlantic mills, at Lawrence, which manufacture sheetings, one of the largest establishments, has reduced its work one-half. The Jackson mills, of Nashua, New Hampshire, and the Appleton, of Lowell, which produce drills and sheetings, have diminished their manufacture of sheetings one-third. The Attawagan mills, which make bleached goods and silesias, have reduced on the former one-half. The Lawrence mills and the Massachusetts mills, of Lowell, which produce brown and bleached goods, have reduced their production of the latter one-half. The Dwight, the Great Falls, and the Lyman mills, engaged in the same industry, have also reduced their manufacture one-half. The Kearsarge and the Cabot mills, producing bleached, have reduced one-third. It is a reasonable estimate that the falling off in the production of cotton cloths amounts to one-third of the whole manufacture.

Those acquainted with the effect of stopping mills or of reducing their manufacture know full well that neither is ever resorted to except from urgent necessity. The policy has been unquestionably due to the peculiarity which has marked the trade for this season of a higher relative price for cotton than for cloth, and yet, in the face of this apparent inconsistency, cotton remains firm both here and at Liverpool.

It is apparent that the price of raw cotton must fall or that of the manufactured article must advance, and indeed it appears from the greater activity in trade which occurred at the close of the week terminating on the 29th May, that goods were more firmly held, and that there was a better prospect than there had been during the latter portion of the season. Cotton goods were firmer and in greater demand.

The advance in gold, which, on the 29th, was firm for the day in the neighborhood of 139¾, the stoppage of the mills, the opinion that contraction would not be resorted to by the Treasury, and the confidence which kept up the price of our securities, all had their influence in communicating some additional activity to trade. It is well known that stocks are low throughout the interior, and, in fact, that they were allowed to fall below what was usual in order that the July account of stock might show with advantage, but the features we have enumerated must have had some influence in producing the impression among country dealers that prices were not likely to be any lower for domestic goods. For the time, therefore, which remains for the spring trade, not exceeding two months, more activity is expected than has marked the last two of the season.

Trade in Great Britain will undoubtedly recuperate under the same policy; but as there has been no recovery from the disasters of 1866, which were very severe, and the country is still suffering from the great drought of last year, the process will be slow. That severe calamity is now showing its results. The large population of Great Britain is partially withdrawn from the consumption of English manufactures, and the excess of production has been thrown upon other countries at reduced prices. The drought has been met by strict economy; and now, as it becomes more severe, by extensive emigration.

England unquestionably desires to hold her population, and particularly her skilled portion, for the purpose of augmenting her own productions; but she can not help the drain which is now enriching the United States.

CANDOR WANTED.

We can certainly never arrive at a fair settlement of any international difficulty if we permit ourselves to indulge in the kind of objurgation which the London correspondent of the *Tribune* bestows upon Senator Grimes, and which appears in so many of the comments upon the recent address of Goldwin Smith.

Senator Grimes being in London, and reading the daily articles of the London press upon Mr. Sumner's speech and the *Alabama* difficulty, very properly writes to the *Times* a letter in which he calmly states the facts of the case as he understands them. Mr. Grimes says, first, that there was never less disposition in this country to go to war with England than now; that the Senate merely agreed to the conclusion of Mr. Sumner's speech that the treaty should not be ratified, not to the arguments by which he reached that conclusion; that Mr. Sumner himself asked that the injunction of secrecy from the debate be removed; that the conduct of Members of the British Legation, coupled with the proposed method of arbitration, gave at least an appearance of probable unfairness in the decisions; that the desire of the annexation of Canada is by no means universal in the United States, and that there is no party that would think for a moment of any resort to force; that Mr. Motley will bring instructions of the most pacific character only; and, to quote the words of Senator Grimes:

> "That England's offense in the eyes of Americans is not 'that she conceded belligerent rights to the Confederacy at a time when the Southern States had apparently established themselves as an independent Power,' or that she recognized their belligerent rights at any time, nor that we did not enjoy the full sympathy of her citizens during the rebellion. Their real grievance is that the *Alabama*, built and fitted out in an English port, never ran into a Confederate port so as to acquire the legal character of a Confederate belligerent, technically or otherwise; that she was in truth an English vessel, sailing from a British port under the British flag, manned by British sailors, was every where cordially received, supplied, and coaled at British stations, while such hospitality was denied to American cruisers; that she never had any other home than the port of Liverpool, from which she originally departed, and remained, in law and conscience, a British vessel until she sank beneath the waves. This is our grievance. All else is the embellishment of the advocate and orator."

In writing this most temperate and candid letter, in which, as is seen in the extract which we quote, the positive claim of the United States against England is clearly and admirably stated—the only claim which can be the practicable basis of a treaty—the London correspondent of the *Tribune* attacks Mr. Grimes in these words: "Mr. Senator Grimes is at his old work of giving aid and comfort to the enemy, the enemy being in this case not Mr. Andrew Johnson, but the party in England that hates America." Is every body who does not insist upon moral damages giving aid and comfort to the enemy? Is nothing but a stout and persistent assertion that our own view is in all its details the only just and conceivable and patriotic view, to be regarded as treating the subject in the "Andrew Johnson vein?" Is it necessary in order to be an honest American to be a resolute partisan of a theory, or the diligent promoter of bitter hostility? President Woolsey, of Yale College, a recognized authority upon international law, as it is called, says that while Mr. Sumner is remarkably well-informed upon this question, "he is not a wise man, though of excellent intentions." President Woolsey differs with Mr. Sumner. Has he therefore been bought with British gold? Is he in dark and secret conspiracy with the Lairds? Or is he possibly an honest and honorable American citizen speaking upon a subject in which he is especially learned, and upon which he has the best right to speak with authority?

So with Goldwin Smith. He is a man as fully in sympathy with the best spirit and the highest aims of this country as a man can be. He is thoroughly familiar with the facts of the case, and as an Englishman he most warmly deprecated the escape of the *Alabama*, and deplored the inevitable exasperation that would follow. Drawn to this country by a real sympathy, and seeking convenient opportunities for certain literary labor, he attaches himself to the youngest and one of the most promising of our schools of learning. He gives his experience, his accomplishments, to its service. He engages in the course of instruction without any remuneration whatever, and he presents to the library of the university his own large and admirable and valuable library. In every way that a man can prove the sincerest sympathy and the most unselfish interest in a country Goldwin Smith has shown them, and when he speaks to avoid a complication which every wise man ought to deplore, and speaks in the most honorable and candid manner, he is saluted with a loud jeer as a man utterly ignorant of America and the American people, and so passionate and unjust that the critics coolly tell him that he had better go home again. But which is the more worthy of a man, and which shows a knowledge of the true America—the tone of Goldwin Smith's speech or of the remarks attributed to General Butler? Whose spirit tends to honorable peace? Which speaks as a civilized statesman?

We have always said in these columns that the British recognition of rebel belligerency seemed to us needlessly hasty, and that the haste showed an unfriendly feeling. But President Woolsey—quite as patriotic and quite as well-informed upon the subject as any journal can justly claim to be—says that at the time the proclamation was issued a neutral might conclude without malignity or warped judgment that a state of war existed in this country. And President Woolsey agrees with Senator Grimes and Goldwin Smith that the substantial question of the controversy is whether due precaution was taken to arrest the *Alabama*. Now if we enter upon the discussion of the subject by declaring these men, as in the one case, to be foolishly frightened, and in the other to be treacherous, we say as we said in the beginning, there can be no satisfactory end to the debate. The case demands arguments, not epithets.

THE JUDICIAL ERMINE IN NEW YORK.

Judge Cardozo, to whose remarkable conduct in a recent case of what was called contempt of court we alluded last week, has discharged the prisoners that he held, and upon the same affidavits that were originally offered. The prisoners, by advice of counsel, abandoned the writ of *habeas corpus*, having ascertained that it would not hasten their examination. Indeed for the purposes of this case the privilege of the writ was abolished by the Judge. Denouncing counsel for supporting prostitutes against the courts, and retaining prisoners who had taken out a writ of *habeas corpus* for more than a fortnight in jail without examination, and arranging with his fellow-judges that the writ should be returnable to him only, the whole proceeding seems to be one of the most utterly absurd, if it were not so grave an outrage upon the guarantees of personal liberty, that the astounding record of the proceedings of modern New York courts presents.

Another glimpse at the administration of justice in the city is given in this report of a scene in the Court of Special Sessions, his Honor Justice Dowling upon the bench. There is a flavor of frontier justice in the account; and the impudence of Andrews in appearing to practice in a court of law is only surpassed by that of Beauregard in demanding some balance claimed to be due to him before he tried to overthrow the Government. We take the report from a late number of the *Sun:*

> Soon after the opening of the Court of Special Sessions yesterday morning a lawyer appeared to defend a prisoner for a petty offense. Justice Dowling took a sharp look at the lawyer, and after a while inquired his name. "Andrews," replied the lawyer.
>
> "Yes, I thought so. But you are so much altered with your whiskers shaved off that I hardly recognized you." Then, raising his voice, Justice Dowling continued in a very determined manner, "Well, Sir, you can't practice in this court. I have told you so a dozen times. Now, clear out!"
>
> "But, Sir," put in Andrews, "I am a member of the bar."
>
> "I don't care whether you are or not," thundered the Judge. "I say you can't practice here, and that is enough."
>
> "Will your Honor then please remand the prisoner until my partner can be sent for to defend him?"
>
> "I don't want your partner here. I say that I will not allow you to practice in my Court. Now get."
>
> The lawyer, amazed, hastily made his exit.
>
> "Prisoner," continued Justice Dowling, "seeing that you are your own counsel, the Court discharges you."
>
> Andrews is the Virginian who harangued a crowd of rioters in Lexington Avenue in July, 1863. He was tried for this crime, and sentenced by Judge Nelson to three years in State Prison. Somehow he obtained a pardon before the expiration of his term of imprisonment and managed to get himself admitted to the bar. We never heard of him again until yesterday.

GIFTS AND OFFICES.

We are sorry to see some foolish insinuations in regard to the President that were most volubly expressed, just after the inauguration, by the papers which are hostile to him, recently revived in a journal which we had supposed to be friendly. Certain gentlemen who liked General M'Clellan and highly valued his services to the country gave him a house. It was a very honorable gift both to the givers and to the receivers. Certain other gentlemen gave a house to General Grant, and the same thing was true, It was a tribute of admiration which it was most proper for them to offer and for him to accept. Certain other gentlemen still, gave a house to General Sherman. Has General Sherman forfeited in any degree the confidence of his countrymen by accepting it?

Now in the case of General Grant, is it not plain that the circumstances very naturally threw him into relations more or less familiar with those who had been so interested in him, and so desirous to show their grateful sense of his services as to make him the gift? And when he came to select persons for offices he chose from the men whom he knew, whether they had been made known to him by intimacy arising from military association in the field or in other ways. Mr. Stewart, for instance, was one of those who gave a house to General Grant. He had also interested himself in an early designation of the General for the Presidency. They were naturally brought together. The General when in New York was much with Mr. Stewart, observing his business methods and his ability. When he nominated Mr. Stewart for Secretary of the Treasury did any man who was not determined to carp seriously suppose that the nomination was made in settlement of the house account, or because the President believed that Mr. Stewart would make a good Secretary?

So with the Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Borie was known in a similar way to the President. The latter wished to take a member of the Cabinet from Pennsylvania who was not a politician in the usual sense, and who was not recommended by politicians for a party purpose. This may have been an unwise course, but it certainly was not a dishonest course, and it was exactly what very many of the best men in the country hoped that the President would do. He therefore selected from Pennsylvania a gentleman whom he personally knew and trusted. Does any body again seriously suppose that General Grant appointed Mr. Borie because Mr. Borie had been one of several to present a house to him?

Of course the coincidence offers a fair chance for an enemy, but not for a friend. The process is simple enough. A gives B a valuable present. B gives A an honorable office. *Argal*, the one is a consideration for the other. But such charges against such a man, or rather such insinuations, for no one dares to make a charge, are surely unworthy honorable journalists. The exigencies of party, especially in the case of the present opposition, are so stringent that honor and common courtesy are not to be expected. But from those who do not believe General Grant to be a knave we have a right to expect only frank and manly criticism. Is it frank to insinuate such a charge? Is it manly by such innuendoes to destroy confidence in an honest man?

SCHOOLS AND RELIGION.

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing in the interest of the Roman Catholic movement against the free-school system of this State, says that he does not object to the claim that the State should educate the children in all that makes good citizens, but that he does assert that the State refuses to take the necessary measures to make them good men and good Christians, and therefore that it can not make them good citizens. This means merely that only religious men are good citizens, and that the State does not provide religious instruction.

Now the State does not claim that it ought to provide instruction in all that makes good citizens, for that is wholly impracticable. If it did make this claim, however, there could certainly be no ground of argument for sectarian instruction; for if any thing would surely make bad citizens it would be a system of education that by isolation deepened sectarian lines, and divided society into a multitude of hostile religious camps. The claim of State education is that a certain amount of practical knowledge, not of theological dogma, nor of moral speculation, is essential to the good order and economy of society. Education, in the view of the State, belongs to the Police Department. The State is interested that every citizen shall be orderly, not that he shall be Jew, nor Baptist, nor Presbyterian, nor Unitarian, nor Roman Catholic, nor Episcopalian, nor sectarian in any way whatever. The State is not sectarian, but it protects all sects. It builds court-houses and jails, but not churches. If you are an orderly man you may believe what you will, so far as the State is concerned. Formerly, and in other countries now, as recently in Austria and in Spain, and in England at the present time, the State has a religion, and undertakes to promote religion by the influence of the State. And to that very action the degradation of the mass of the people in Austria and Spain was largely attributable; while in England it has been only successfully resisted by the sturdy good sense of the people.

To ask in this country, as the Roman Catholics do, that their share of the school-tax shall be given to them to be expended as they choose in schools of their own, is simply to ask that the whole body of tax-payers shall not decide in what manner the common good can best be promoted. It is to ask substantially, and at last, that each tax-payer shall decide how his tax shall be expended. It is, moreover, to demand that the State shall maintain and fortify sectarian dissension. This was plainly seen some years ago in Michigan, when this favorite project of the Roman Catholics was introduced into the Legislature of that State. The Bishop of another Church highly approved the plan, and he arrived at the capital with his proposition that his church also should have its share. The Legislature paused and asked, "Why not the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Congregationalists also; and if these also, then what?" And the Legislature very wisely declined to adopt so foolish a measure.

NOTES.

We gave in our issue for May 15 an illustration of the Sunday School Convention held at Newark, New Jersey, April 28, 29, and 30. Our illustration was from an excellent photograph taken on the spot by T. F. Crane, of Newark. Accidentally the proper credit was omitted at the time. We regret the circumstance, and cheerfully take this opportunity to give the photographer the mention which he deserves, and to call attention to the very excellent photograph which furnished the basis of our representation.

The comfort and pleasure attending a visit to our Central Park this summer will be much enhanced by "the New Central Park Pleasure Carriage Service," which has been inaugurated under the auspices of Controller A. H. Green and the Commissioners of the Park. The regular business of this Service commenced June 1, and furnishes a ride over all the carriage-ways of the Park for 25 cents, in a carriage "of exceeding elegance, adapted to all weathers."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves took place May 30, and was universally observed. In the evening especial memorial exercises were attended at the Academy of Music in this city. General Sickles, Commander of the Army of the Republic in New York State, delivered an address, and a sermon was preached by the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D. As the day appointed for decoration was Sunday, the previous day was observed in Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities. At Gloucester, Massachusetts, General Butler delivered the memorial address.

As the steamer *Russia*, from Liverpool, was coming up the bay on the morning of May 26, she ran into the Austrian ship *Figlia Maggiore*, from Marseilles, which arrived on May 24, and was lying at anchor off Bedlow's Island. The ship was struck on the port side, and sank in a few minutes, and now lies submerged in water reaching up to her lower yards. The steamer was in charge of a pilot at the time. No lives were lost.

The Census Committee met in Washington May 26 to organize and prepare for their work.

The two hundredth anniversary of the old South Church in Boston was observed on Sunday May 23.

The Massachusetts Legislature has annexed Dorchester to Boston.

During the last year the divorces in Connecticut numbered 478, or more than one-tenth the number of marriages.

The Republican Congressional Convention for the Third District of Illinois have nominated, on the three hundred and fifty-third ballot, H. C. Burchard, of Freeport, for election to Congress, in place of Hon. Elihu B. Washburne.

A hail-storm visited Wheeling, Virginia, on May 28. Some of the stones that fell weighed singly three-quarters of a pound.

The mother of Stephen A. Douglas died at Clifton Springs, New York, May 30.

The following-named gentlemen have been appointed a board of visitors to the Military Academy at West Point: General David Hunter, United States Army; General W. Q. Gresham, Indiana; General John Eaton, Jun., Tennessee; Hon. B. F. Loan, Missouri; Judge C. H. Warren, Massachusetts; M. B. Anderson, D.D., President of Rochester University, New York; Rev. R. L. Stanton, D.D., President of Miami University, Ohio.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company has complied with the act passed at the last session of Congress, requiring the deposit of a security for the completion of its portion of the Pacific railroad, and fixing the junction of the Central with the Union at or near Ogden.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The elections in France have as a rule resulted in the victory of the Government candidates. The official papers say that the elections extinguish the old parties, and leaves the Liberal Empire opposed by only a few revolutionary candidates.

The Spanish Cortes has lately been debating the Cuban question. On May 26 Senor Castellar, the great Republican orator, said if Spain had followed the example of England in her treatment of Canada, by granting the liberties which the Colonies now claim for themselves, the outbreak in Cuba would have been prevented. Marshal Serrano replied that Captain-General Dulce granted the required liberties when he entered upon the Government of Cuba, but party-spirit blinded some of the inhabitants to the intentions of the Home Government. By the demonstration of physical force rebellion had been suppressed; but the moral disorder was disappearing very slowly. When the normal state of the island is restored, the Home Government, acting in conjunction with the deputies of Cuba, will suppress slavery and punish all persons engaged in the slave-trade.

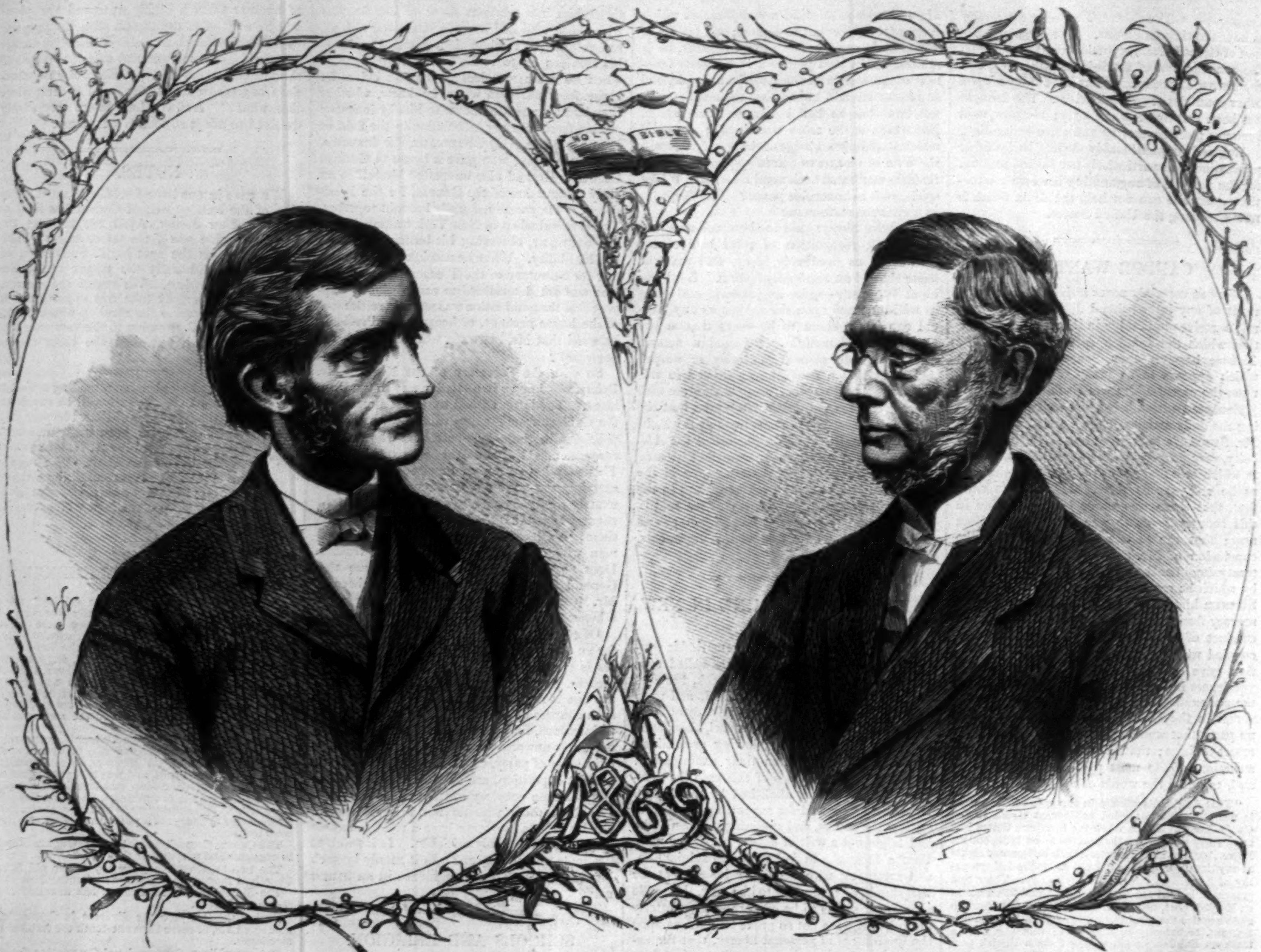
Queen Isabella has declined to abdicate in favor of Asturias.

The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce have voted an address of welcome to Mr. Motley, our Minister to England. Mr. Motley arrived in Liverpool May 30.

When the question of religious unity was before the Spanish Cortes Senor Echeçary created quite a sensation in the Chamber by an allusion to a discovery which has been recently made in Madrid in the course of the levelings and excavations now in progress for city improvements. The workmen lighted upon the old site of the *auto da fes* of the Inquisition, called in the history of that fearful tribunal the "*Quemadero de la Cruz*" (burning place of the Cross). The cutting of a new road through that part of the city has laid bare, like geological strata, long black layers, superimposed one above the other, at distances of one or two feet in the sandstone and clay. Some of these layers extend 150 feet in a horizontal direction, and at first sight look like regular geological strata, but are in reality the remains of the Inquisition fires! They consist of coal coagulated with human fat, bones, the remains of singed hair and the shreds of burnt garments! Great excitement has been created by the discovery, and the people of Madrid have visited the spot in thousands to satisfy themselves of the fact, and to carry away some memento of that dark age of intolerance and cruelty.

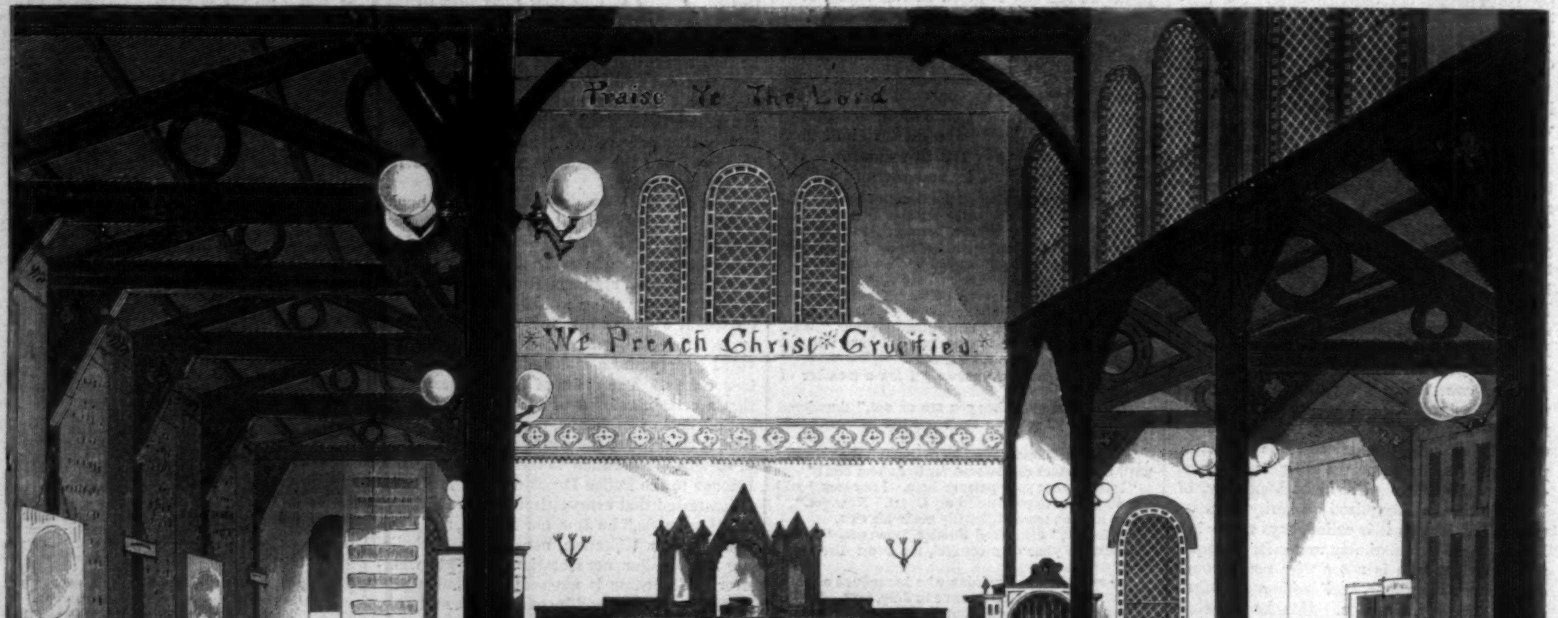
The Government of Peru has recognized the Cubans as belligerents.

Caballero de Roda is to take the place of General Dulce as Captain-General of Cuba. Dulce has been suffering for a long time from ill-health.

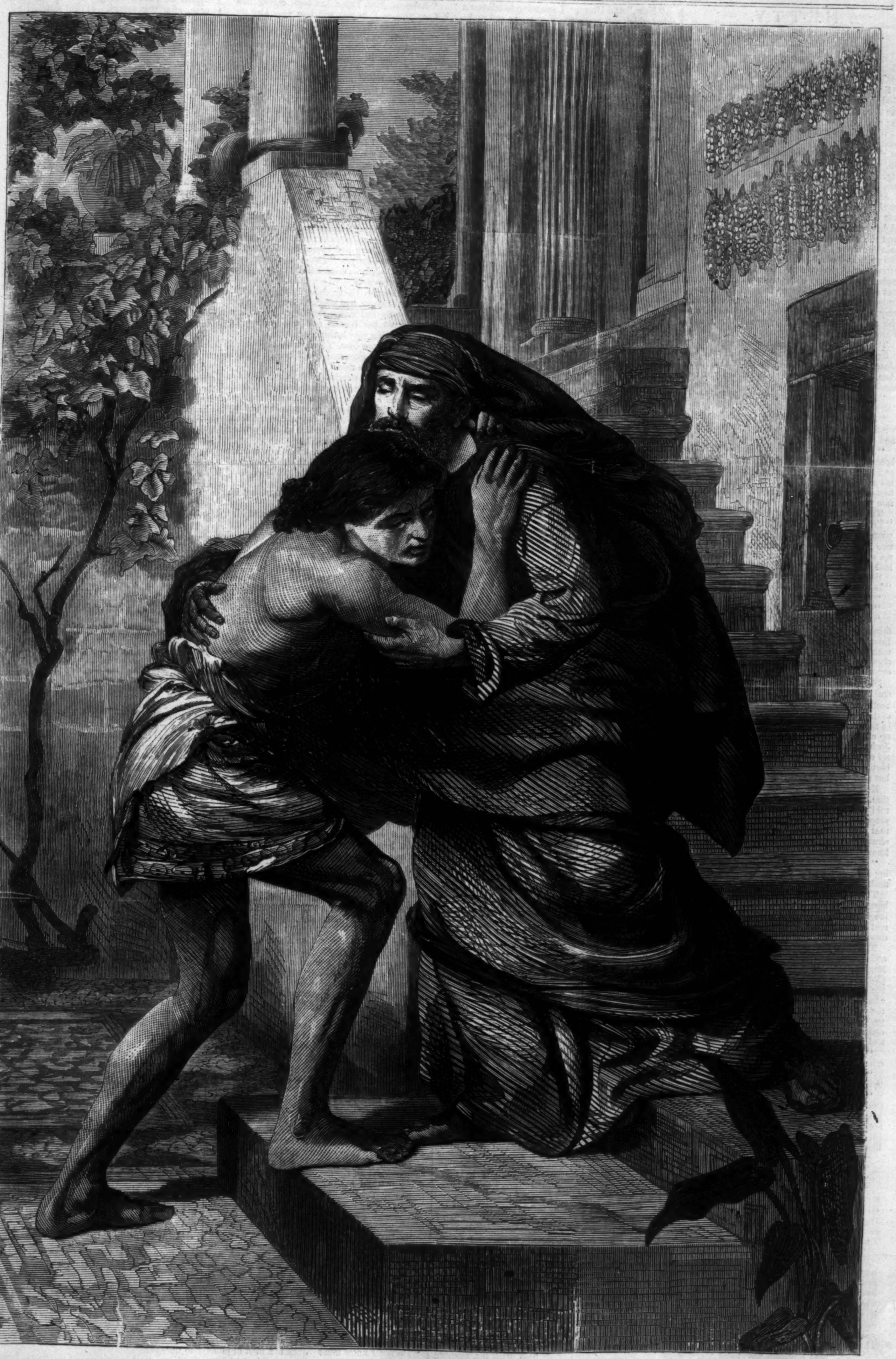

HOLY BIBLE
1869

DR. M. W. JACOBUS, MODERATOR OF THE O. S. PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY, NEW YORK CITY.
Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 375.]

DR. P. H. FOWLER, MODERATOR OF THE N. S. PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY, NEW YORK CITY.
Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 375.]


Praise Ye The Lord
We Preach Christ Crucified

CITY MISSIONS—INTERIOR OF OLIVET CHAPEL, SECOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See First Page.]



"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN."—From a Painting by E. J. Poynter.—[See Page 379.]

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HETTY AT LAST.

So Rebecca hung on, doing the work which God in his kindness had given her. Waiting by the tide, month after month, for a message from the sea.

When the wind was very wild, and the rain beat upon the glass, she would get up and do as she had now so often seen the sailors' wives do, walk up and down the room with her arms tightly folded; thinking of the man she loved at sea.

It was a very wild fierce night six months after she came there, and was very late. She had not long come in, after making one of some eighty women who had been out in the rain and the wild weather to see an accident. Captain Moriarty had driven from his moorings in the gale, and caused an alarm as great as if the Houses of Parliament were afire. Rebecca had ended with a hearty laugh when all things were put straight, and had come home to her solitary supper of bread and cheese; and the wind was very wild, and her heart was very heavy, and she ate her supper walking up and down, and, I am very much afraid, crying.

The door was opened, and a voice coming from a figure which she could not see, said, "If you please, Miss, old Job Partridge, of the *Mary Ann*, is much worse, and wants to see you immediate."

"I will be with you directly," said Rebecca; "how far is it?"

"About a mile straight in the teeth of the wind, and it is raining cats, dogs, marlin-spikes, and copper sheathing," said the voice.

"I will be with you in two minutes," said Rebecca. "I have been out and got my hair wet, and have been drying it. Mr. Moriarty has lost his moorings, but he has been brought up by a hawser from the *Elizabeth* now. I will not detain you an instant."

The voice said, in the most emphatic manner, "You will do," and out of the darkness came a young woman shorter than herself, who put her two hands on Rebecca's shoulders, and looked up, and Rebecca knew in an instant that she was looking on a beauty more splendid than her own.

She was perfectly amazed, and stammered out, "Is it, is it—"

"Of course it is, my dear soul."

"Is it *Hetty?*" said Rebecca.

"Of course it is, my dear. Who else did you think it was? Now have a good look at me. Look at me," said Hetty; and Rebecca did so, with fixed eyes and open mouth, for this mysterious long-concealed Hetty was the strangest creature she had ever seen in her life.

She was dressed in close-fitting sailor's blue, and had just taken a sailor's tarpaulin hat off her head, and shaken out her hair; it was a crown of dark chestnut. In features, more particularly in the quaint, beautiful mouth, turned habitually up at the corners, she resembled very closely Sir Joshua's Muscipula; as she shaded her great hazel eyes with her hand, to get a good look at Rebecca, Rebecca saw that she was like her father, but also like some one she had never seen.

Rebecca was dazed and stunned at the apparition. She had loved beauty deeply, and been told that Hetty was beautiful; but she was not prepared for *this*. And where did the girl get that wondrous, tender, pathetic *expression* from, almost as strange as her beauty? Rebecca soon knew whence came that look.

"Rebecca, dear," said Hetty, "God is sending Jack and I a little one. Will you nurse me until it is born, and I am fit to go afloat again?"

That was all she said, and Rebecca said exactly nothing at all; but she laughed such a happy laugh that Hetty laughed again; and kissing her, and shaking the rain-drops from her hair, sat down upon the easy-chair and demanded tea.

The seed-time of Rebecca's life had been hard and bitter, but the harvest was beginning now. Beginning in doubt, trouble, anxiety, but in deep glorious happiness. She was getting a share in the great life which was moving about her. The arrival of this strange, beautiful storm-bird from the wild sea was now, to her, a deeper, more intense pleasure than all the castles, broughams, opera-boxes, and diamonds that any lady ever had in this world.

"I think we shall be very fond of one another," said Hetty.

"That is quite my opinion," said Rebecca. "Where have you been, Hetty?"

"Slopping round," said Hetty. "I am perfectly sick and tired of these clipper ships; and I declare most positively, that when what is going to happen has happened I will never put my kit on board of another. Jack, thank Heaven, has got one of the old sort."

"Has he got a ship?" said Rebecca, eagerly.

"Certainly he has," said Hetty.

"And where is Jack gone?" asked Rebecca.

"Callao, for orders," said Hetty; "that, he says, expresses, in sailors' language, Greek Kalends. Ships cleared for Callao never know where they are going; it may be Melbourne, and it may be Hong-Kong—one as likely as the other. I shall not see him for a year."

"Are you not impatient?" asked Rebecca.

"My good soul, if sailors' wives were to get impatient they would go mad. I have laid my heart and soul at the feet of one sailor, and you have laid yours at the feet of another. Sailors' wives must know how to wait and suffer. And if you have a common religion, if you believe that there is no cloud at death between you and your husband, you can get through any thing. That is the case between Jack and myself."

"Yes," said Rebecca, and there was a great deal in her Yes.

"Now," said Hetty, "I am going to tell you a thing which will make you very angry and make you hate me. Jack has openly joined the Church of England, and I have gone with him."

"Why not, Hetty?" said Rebecca, turning her face to Hetty.

"Why not?" said Hetty. "Why, of all the indiscretions I ever committed, this is the worst. I hope you will not be so foolish as I have been."

"Why not?" said Rebecca.

"Because you would cut the last ground from under my father's feet. Rebecca, you have a noble soul committed to your care, for which you will have to answer at the Day of Judgment. Follow him—do not lead him. A led man is an ill thing. I have been to sea, and I know."

Here there was an interruption: Mrs. Tryon stood at the door.

"Now then, Miss Turner; you are talking her to death. Het, old girl, how are you? You did right to come home to Miss Turner and I, though Miss Turner *is* a fool."

"I have known that for a long time," said Rebecca, quietly; for Mrs. Tryon had called her a fool in a way which did not give offense. There are different ways of calling people fools.

"Where is your man gone?" said Mrs. Tryon to Hetty.

"To Callao for orders," said Hetty.

"He is a fool, and you were a fool for letting him go," said Tryon.

"Don't talk nonsense, my dear soul," said Hetty. "You may think it fine, but we do not."

"Is he going through the Straits or round the Horn?" asked Tryon.

"Round the Horn," said Hetty. "His ship would never beat through the Straits, she is bad to get about. I did not like his crew myself. Too many Malays. I don't like it altogether, and the ship is, I doubt, wet; and in my opinion, Mrs. Tryon, she is extremely over-sparred. Why, Jack told me himself that she had broke her main-yard lift by sheer rolling, and dropped it on to the slings."

"Those iron lifts are all rubbish," said Mrs. Tryon.

"I know that," said Hetty; "but that does not make amends for Jack's carrying on round the Horn with iron lifts. And his ship's bows are too far aft, so that she don't seem as though she would lift well with a reefed foresail, when she is going before it. As for laying her to in a gale of wind, my dear, if I was on board of her when Jack proposed to do it I should get out and walk."

"Look at her," said Tryon, quietly.

It was Rebecca to whom she called attention. She had gone to sleep on the floor with her head on a hassock. "Pretty sweet," said Tryon. "Have you heard any thing of Morley, dear?"

"Speak very low," said Hetty. "Pa has gone on to Patagonia in the *Eliza*. And the *Sydney Herald* says that they are all dead."

"You don't believe it, dear?" said Mrs. Tryon.

"Of course I don't," said Hetty. "Jack says that he don't believe a *thingamy* of it."

This is the way religious sailors' wives talk confidentially, ladies and gentlemen. Of course they ought not to do so, but they do it.

"I don't believe a solitary word of it," said Tryon. "But that Patagonian coast is a awful bad 'un. Look how sweet she sleeps, pretty love, pretty dear!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

THERE came a long time now while Rebecca and Hetty abode together like Ruth and Naomi. But all danger to Rebecca was over in the presence of a necessity greater than her own. Her own self was dead and ended, and she had three others, Morley, Hetty, and Hartop; not to mention three dozen others in the swarming, seafaring population all around her.

To lose sight of self utterly for one moment is to have lived for one moment.

Rebecca lived much now, for she never had time to think of herself at all. And the very person who took her away from herself most was that bonny, shrewd, beautiful Hetty.

Mrs. Tryon had a fight with Hetty about her treatment of Rebecca; but after a long engagement of an hour Tryon retired, with all her masts shot away (but with her colors flying), leaving Hetty the victor. As I can not, from want of space, give an account of the whole of this great battle, I will give the last part of it; so that *ex pede Herculem*, the reader may judge what the beginning of the fight was like.

"You worry the girl so," said Tryon.

"I want to," said Hetty. "I want to take her out of herself, and make her think of *me*, not of my father."

"Why?"

"Because I am beginning to believe that my father is in heaven," said Hetty. "The Society are getting very anxious."

"But sending her these errands in such weather," said Mrs. Tryon; "you will kill her."

"She is not made of sugar," said Hetty.

Rebecca came in at this moment, and as an illustration of how much Hetty meant to attend to Mrs. Tryon, she said to Rebecca, coolly:

"I want sardines for my supper. I am to have every thing I fancy, and I fancy them. And the sardines at the corner shop are nothing but pilchards, and taste of hair-oil. Go up the street, and get a box of the small ones at Elmses."

And Rebecca went out into the rain again, without one word.

"I call it shameful usage," said Mrs. Tryon.

"It is the system I mean to pursue with her," said Hetty, coolly.

When Rebecca came back with the sardines Hetty called her to her.

"Rebecca, Mrs. Tryon has been saying that if I try you as I do you will lose your love for me. Is that so?"

"She must be perfectly foolish," said Rebecca, sharply. "I wish you would try me more. *You* don't think it, Hetty?"

"Not I. I will tell you the whole truth. If sailors' wives brood and think of nothing but themselves and their husbands they will go mad. Unless you are busy you will never be happy. I have no letter from Jack, from Valparaiso."

"And I have none from Alfred."

"Self again. You should think of me, not of my father. I told you that pa was gone to Patagonia, and you don't suppose that there are letter-boxes there. You should think about *me*."

But Rebecca cried very much indeed, and Hetty let her alone for a little.

"Becky, dear," she said at last, "get me to bed, and send for Doctor Warnford. I am going to be ill." And Rebecca got her to bed and sent for the doctor.

Meanwhile Hetty had leaned her face to the wall, weeping silently. "Father and Jack both together. O God, in thine infinite mercy, judge me not too heavily!"

On the morrow, Hetty, lying in the same bed where Mr. Turner had died, and watching the ships pass up and down the river, lay with a brave boy on her bosom, and was quite quiet and well, saying very little indeed.

Presently came Mrs. Tryon with a piece of news which she imparted to Rebecca. "Jack Hartop has lost his ship."

Rebecca was so puzzled by the news that she found herself wondering whether Jack Hartop had dropped his ship down an area railings, or lost it at cards, or left it accidentally in a railway carriage, or gone on shore forgetfully and let it sail away by itself into unknown seas; when Mrs. Tryon said, sharply:

"You are wool-gathering. Don't do it. He has lost his ship on Cape Northumberland, and his certificate with it."

"It will kill her," said Rebecca.

"Yes, if she is told. But she must not be. *Now* you understand."

"Yes, *I* understand," said Rebecca, and Mrs. Tryon walked out.

It was a long time before Hetty was well enough to be told any thing about Hartop's mishap. It was a much longer time before Rebecca said one word to her about it.

She did not know what to do. God solved the problem for her ultimately, in this way:

Hetty had got about, on the wharf, and by the river, with her baby, impressing on the newly-formed retina of that young gentleman the images of ships. Otherwise the life went on among the sailors' wives left waiting for some who came back hearty and well; for some who came back broken, though as dear as ever; and for some who never came back at all. It had come on to rain one evening, and Rebecca caught Hetty on the wharf, and pulled her into the house.

"I have news," said Rebecca.

"You need not trouble to say that, Becky," said Hetty. "Is it pa or Jack?"

"Jack," said Rebecca. "He has lost his ship and been court-martialed."

"Then he is not dead?" said Hetty.

"Not he," said Rebecca.

"Has Jack lost his certificate?" asked Hetty.

"No, Hetty. Hetty, be quiet and I will tell you every thing. Hetty, listen, and be quiet."

"I am quite quiet," said Hetty. "If Jack is alive and well, what care I? You say that he has not lost his certificate. If they had dared to take it away I would have tweaked Dr. Deane's nose till they renewed it."

"But I have to read you something," said Rebecca.

"You had better read it then," said Hetty.

Rebecca read, in a very fluttering voice, from a newspaper, *The Melbourne Argus:*

"The Board which sat on Captain Hartop, of the ship *Flying Cloud*, have reported.

"It appears that Captain Hartop was keeping his due course, when, being warned by the sudden fall of the mercury, he made for sea, but in consequence of the calm which preceded the hurricane which has devastated our southern shores, he was unable to get way on his ship. After the cyclone struck her of course there was no possibility of saving her. Up to this point the Board consider that Captain Hartop's conduct was most seamanlike—"

"Thank you for nothing, quoth the gallipot," said Hetty, quietly. "If Jack could not fiddle his ship out of any thing in reason, I should like to see the man who could."

"After the ship struck on the reef under Cape Northumberland, the conduct of Captain Hartop was beyond all praise for which they can find words. His personal prestige among his sailors seems to have been so great that on this terrible night they passed quietly into the boats, in the calmer water in the lee of the reef, without noticing that he himself had remained with his first mate, Green—"

"I shall *not* discharge that young man," said Hetty, with a slight flutter in her voice; "go on, Rebecca. Jack, Jack, you are a sailor!"

"—In order to see whether there was any chance of saving any thing for the underwriters in case of the gale moderating, taking his chance of swimming on shore. The Board wish it to be distinctly understood that their opinion is that during this unhappy wreck, and in the long march between the place of the wreck and the nearest settlement, Captain Hartop conducted himself from first to last like a splendid British sailor."

"Of course Jack did," said Hetty, quietly. "Do not *I* know him? Jack is a man of pluck and energy. Jack is a sailor, every inch of him. I suppose his owners will give him another ship at once, after that report. If they don't, I will spend a little time at their office not very pleasantly for them."

And she looked Rebecca straight in the face as cool as a cucumber. And Rebecca was deeply puzzled.

"Well, and so that is the whole of it, is it?" said Hetty. "I am glad that beast of a ship is at the bottom of the sea without drowning Jack or any of the men. Is there any thing more to tell?"

Rebecca was getting more and more puzzled. "Has she a heart at all?" she said to herself.

"Yes, Hetty," she said; "but I do not know how to tell it. The Panama route—"

There was no need to say more, or to question whether or no Hetty had a heart. The door opened quickly, and in the open doorway stood Jack Hartop.

Hetty stood up and spread out her ten fingers toward him. In less than a second her pretty arms were round his neck, and he was hugging her like a bear. She said, "Love, love, love," and he said, "Darling, darling, darling," which is folly the most incurable. But if you will bring me any gentleman who will affirm on his oath that he has never made a fool of himself to the same extent, I will politely decline that gentleman's acquaintance.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

THE life thus enriched by two whom she loved went smoothly on for Rebecca. Not cheerfully, for there came no word of Mr. Morley at all. Hetty and Hartop spoke continually about him, always pleasantly. When it was hot, Hetty would say, "I doubt he is cold, poor dear, there where he is;" and Hartop would say, "Ay, it is winter there now." At dinner Hetty might say, "I doubt he has no lamb and green peas to-day, poor man;" and Hartop would say, "No, he will be having mainly fish and seal beef for his dinner. It is not bad, but not so good as this."

So they would talk to her, keeping his image perpetually before her mind, they both having given up all hope.

They kept from her the news that the missionary ship had been lost, but that a few of the missionaries were heard to be alive three months after. They kept from her their knowledge of the bitter, hopeless coast of Patagonia, and Hetty had so persistently forced on her the maxim that sailors' wives must not fret, that she believed her, and abode in quiet, busy, and not unhappy, ignorant of the chances of the sea.

But day by day it became evident to her that Jack Hartop was growing to be a person of great consequence among a certain great and powerful society. Her father had belonged to this society, and she had been to a May meeting of it, presided over by a certain great earl; and one day in these times she found this same earl, whom she knew by sight, talking eagerly and familiarly with Jack Hartop.

She heard him say, "It is certainly a splendid offer—a splendid offer. And as a sailor, Mr. Hartop, you think that the yacht is big enough."

"Bless you, my lord, I would sail her any where! Two hundred and eighty tons!—why, she is a frigate."

"It is somewhat singular that Lord Ducetoy, who is not even a subscriber, and a—"

At this moment Rebecca passed with a slight bow and went on.

"Who is that young lady?" said Lord S.

"Miss Turner."

"Oh; I was saying that it seems singular that a mere sportsman like Lord Ducetoy should interest himself so deeply in a cause like this, as to lend his yacht and her stores, and offer to pay a picked crew out of his own pocket, on condition of your commanding the expedition."

"My lord," said Hartop, "it is easily accounted for. Lord Ducetoy is cousin to Miss Turner, who has just passed, and Lord Ducetoy was under the deepest obligations to her father for saving his property from the Philpott smash."

"But what has Miss Turner to do with it?"

"She is engaged to be married to Morley, and she does not know what you and I do."

"God help her in her grief!" said Lord S., raising his hat solemnly.

"Amen," said Jack Hartop.

"When can you sail?"

"Well, in consequence of this offer of Lord Ducetoy's, I can get to sea in a week. If they are alive, they owe their lives to Lord Ducetoy."

"Under God," said Lord S.

"Under God, I mean," said Jack. "But he has saved us in one way or another two months of valuable time."

"It is really so."

"By-the-by, my lord, Miss Turner is to know nothing of Lord Ducetoy's gift."

"Indeed! Was there ever any tenderness in that quarter?"

"Oh, never, I think. He lost his heart effectually in America, before he ever saw her. But he has a profound admiration for her."

"Is Mrs. Hartop going?" said Lord S.

"Oh yes, my lord, *she* is going. You may be quite certain that she could not keep her hand out of a thing of this kind."

"God go with her!" said Lord S., and so they parted.

"Rebecca," said Hetty to her, next morning, "Jack has got another ship."

"A good one?"

"A *splendid* one. A missionary ship. United Missionary Society. The U. M. S. have picked him out. And I am going too."

"I wish I was," said Rebecca; "but I am so glad for Jack. I can not go, for Alfred might come while I was away, and would be very sorry to miss me."

Hetty went quietly out of the room, humming a tune, as if to fetch something, went up stairs, and threw herself on her bed in a fury and tempest of tears. She believed—as we all did—that she was bound on a quest for some relic or remnant of the dead, left carelessly by wolf or the hardly less cruel savage.

Jack, however, had given his orders that Hetty was to be ready in six days, and so there was fine stitching, and sewing, and shopping, with not much time to talk about matters. The yacht had come round from Cowes. It was to sail on Saturday, and on Friday, all day long, Rebecca was working in Hetty's cabin. She thought to herself, "What a beautiful place!" Indeed it was, for it was the cabin which Lord Ducetoy had decorated for his young wife.

She heard Lord Ducetoy's voice in the main cabin, and a lady's voice who talked to him. She could not help hearing.

"My love," said the lady, "I quite agree with you; by giving up our cruise the society gains two months. I do not regret."

"But I had her decorated for you, love—only for Channel work: and she is going to the ocean."

"Well," said Lady Ducetoy, "I frankly and freely give my decorations to the ocean. My husband has done a generous and a beautiful deed, for the sake of a noble woman; that is worth all decorations to me."

They did not know she was on board, and they did not see her; but she heard them, and after a time understood what Lady Ducetoy meant. She hid from them, and it was only after the schooner had sailed that she knew that the noble woman, spoken of by Lady Ducetoy, was no other than her own self.

Hetty dismissed her very early on the Saturday morning. On the wharf was a crowd of the strangest people—a bishop, Lord S., and Lord Ducetoy foremost—to see the schooner depart. The tug caught the schooner's hawser, and she went out through the mist into the Kent and Essex sunlight. And *that* was over.

Ducetoy and the bishop were with Rebecca as the vessel rounded the turn in the river. "Rebecca," said Lord Ducetoy, "could we have sent two better ones to seek him?"

"To seek whom?"

"Morley."

"Is he dead?"

"They are gone to see," said Lord Ducetoy; "it has been kept from you."

Rebecca stood amazed, but quite quiet.

"My dear lady," said the bishop; "this matter has been kept from you by a consultation of many men. We are very anxious about Morley, and some of us believe that there is no hope. I am not of those who think there is no hope. For I most entirely think that God has a great work in hand for Morley, and that Morley has not been taken to his rest yet. I may be wrong—who can judge God's ways?—but, my dear young lady, I believe that you will live to see Morley by your side again, doing God's work with your assistance."

"Meanwhile?" said Rebecca, calmly.

"Meanwhile," said the bishop, calmly, "do as you are doing. If you are not to meet him again on earth, you are rendering yourself more fit to meet him in heaven."

For the next nine months the inhabitants of Limehouse got familiarized to a tall and splendidly beautiful young lady, always dressed in black, who walked perpetually about among the poor, followed by a little withered lady in gray, who carried her basket, and did what the tall young lady told her with never one murmur. These two were Rebecca and Miss Soper, for Rebecca had conquered and vanquished her Soper.

Said Soper to Rebecca once, in these times, "Becky, I tried to find out the secret of living to God; and I failed, until you showed it to me. Who showed it to you?"

"Morley," said Rebecca.

Nine months; and hope growing dead as time went on. Hope of Morley utterly gone now to her, but not to others.

She was sitting in her class of girls one day, when the bishop came in, and touched her on the shoulder. Rebecca, although a dissenter, had that love and reverence for this bishop which, I believe, is common to all sects in the Church of Christ. She rose from her seat, with her black lace shawl drooping from one shoulder, and bowed deeply. And the young dissenters stared open-eyed at the spectacle of a real bishop talking to Teacher.

"I have news from the sea," said the bishop; holding out his left hand.

"Good or bad, my lord?" said Rebecca.

"That is what I can not make out," said the bishop. "We have heard from Hartop. He has recovered two, but believes Morley to be alive ten miles to the northward. Until we get his letter we know nothing."

"And when shall we get his letter?" asked Rebecca.

"Well," said the bishop, "he only allows himself ten days for exploration; and so it comes to this that he will bring his own letter."

"Then the news about Mr. Morley will be brought by Hartop and Hetty?" she said.

"That is exactly the case," said the bishop.

One summer's night—it was half past eleven—Rebecca was sitting up at some of her charity accounts, when she heard a step on the stair and sat rigid.

She knew it was Hetty's. Hetty came very quickly up the stair, threw open the door in all her full beauty, fresh from the sea, bareheaded, with the very salt on her hair. And Rebecca gave a loud wild cry, inarticulate, yet meaning much, *for she saw that Hetty was not in mourning*. Not one solitary scrap of black about her. A great deal of pink ribbon, certainly; sailors love it, and so their wives wear it.

"Becky, my sweet-heart," she said, "you must keep yourself cool."

"Is there news?" said Rebecca.

"I do not know what you mean by news, Becky," said Hetty. "But if you mean that we have found pa, and got pa, and brought pa home, and that pa is standing outside the door waiting to come in, why I say you are right." And she sat down on a chair by the door, and beat her knees, and cried.

It was actually true. From the lonely cavern on the ocean shore, death, in whose jaws he had lived so long, had given him up to love. It seemed incredible, even to Hetty now, but there was her frizzled hair smothered in Rebecca's, and she laughed and believed.

The news of the safety of Morley had been known in London before Rebecca knew it. The Society had met, and it was unanimously agreed that Mr. Morley should be requested to accept the mission to Honawoora as soon as his health would permit. The offer came to him the day after his arrival, and he answered that his health was in perfect order, and that the sooner he went the better. He wanted three weeks to be married in, and then he was ready.

One day, three weeks after this, Soper, Lord Ducetoy, Mr. Spicer, Lord S., the little Popish doctor, Mrs. Russel, the two Tibbeys, Mr. Akin, Mr. Hagbut, and Carry, and one hundred and fifty new friends, unnamed in this story, went to see the great missionary ship, *Eirene*, pass by out on her glorious expedition. As she passed they cheered, as surely no people ever cheered before, for on her quarter-deck stood Morley and Rebecca, Jack Hartop and Hetty.

They went away to the work which God had found them to do. Whether they lived long and died happy, whether they were rich or poor, or whether they had many children or few, is nothing to us. God fitted these four people for certain work in this world, and three of them had to wait till the fourth was fit to join them. I have tried to show how Rebecca was made ready for the others. Rebecca's difficulties have been so continually before one, that some might think I ought to call my story Rebecca. But I think, if you please, that in honor of the young lady, the reputation of whose deeds kept Rebecca firm, I will call my story after its real heroine, Hetty.

THE END.

THE MODERATORS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLIES.

The two General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, now sitting in this city, are presided over by the distinguished clergymen whose portraits we publish on page 372. They are the Rev. Melancthon Williams Jacobus, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Exegesis in Alleghany Theological Seminary, and the Rev. Philemon H. Fowler, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Utica, New York.

Dr. Jacobus was born at Newark, New Jersey, in 1816. He entered the Sophomore class in Princeton College in 1831, and was graduated with the highest honors before he was eighteen years of age. After his Theological studies he remained a year assistant to Professor Addison Alexander in the department of Hebrew. He was then called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, where he built up a strong congregation. In 1850 he took an extensive tour through the chief cities of Europe, to Egypt, and through the Holy Land and Syria to Damascus, thence to Constantinople and Greece, studying the Bible lands to illustrate the Scriptures. He has published commentaries on the Gospels, the Acts, and on Genesis, widely circulated here and republished in Great Britain. During his tour in Europe he was elected by the General Assembly Professor of Biblical Exegesis in the Theological Seminary at Alleghany, and he is also pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. He presides over the Old School Assembly with dignity, and has been exceedingly happy in the various addresses which, as Moderator, he has been called to make.

The Rev. Dr. Fowler, Moderator of the New School Assembly, is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in the city of Utica, New York, one of the largest and strongest churches in his connection. He studied at Princeton Seminary at the same time with Dr. Jacobus, and began his ministry in 1836, at Washington, D. C. Most of his professional life has been spent in Central New York.

Dr. Fowler occupies a position of great influence in his Church as a Trustee of Hamilton College and of Auburn Theological Seminary, and as a corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. As a member of the Joint Committee on the reunion of the Presbyterian Church his practical wisdom and good sense, combined with courteous manners and a catholic, Christian spirit, made his services of great value. Dr. Fowler, though laboriously engaged for twenty years in the care of his large congregation, has been spared from home for a European trip on two occasions. During the last summer he represented the New School Presbyterian Church in the Assemblies of the Free Church of Scotland and the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, of which mission he presented to the Church a highly suggestive report. He is a native of Albany, New York, and is fifty-four years of age.

The two Assemblies represent an aggregate of 4136 ministers, 4300 churches, and 421,480 members, while the number of worshipers in their congregations is not less than 600,000 persons.

In 1837 these branches of one family were separated, chiefly by a difference of opinion as to the question of slavery; and for some years it seemed as though they would never again become one. Even then, however, there were some who deplored the schism and sought to heal it. Both bodies met one year in Philadelphia, and a proposal came from one to the other for joint religious services. Instantly there rose one of the strongest contestants: "Mr. Moderator, I oppose this movement. It's only *an entering wedge for union*." Instantly a squeaking voice was heard exclaiming from another part of the house: "Mr. Moderator, this is the first time in my life that I ever heard of a *wedge* being used to effect a *union*."

But now the wedges are all gone. The more than five hundred delegates of these two Assemblies have mingled together in New York as brothers. They have enjoyed repeated devotional services together; they have eaten salt together "as a sign of a perpetual convenant," one of the Moderators said at the hospitable reception arranged by the citizens of New York; they have celebrated the communion of the Lord's Supper together; and they have arranged those articles of compact which are to make them hereafter one undivided Church.

Nothing with reference to these two great Assemblies has so much interested the public mind as the prospect of this union. And we are informed that during all their sessions the delegates themselves have steadily and constantly progressed toward this desirable consummation.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

We are always glad to give our readers any specific details respecting new enterprises which may be useful and convenient to them. A few months ago a new circulating library was opened in this city by Messrs. Brotherhead & Co. The location of the building is quiet and pleasant—129 East Seventeenth Street—the general arrangements nice and tasteful, and the library contains not far from 20,000 volumes. We received at a recent visit a very pleasant impression of the plan and purpose of the Brotherhead Library. No competition with other libraries is intended, for in such a great city as New York there is a demand for yet more abundant facilities of this kind.

The selection of books is choice; not only a good supply of standard literature, but the best current literature, both American and English, is found there. The popular American and English periodicals are upon the reading table for the use of subscribers. When these periodicals are a week old they circulate as books. Many persons will appreciate the convenience of making their own selection of books from the shelves. Each subscriber is entitled to draw two books at a time—one *old* and one *new* one—a book being considered old six months after publication. The annual subscription is six dollars; but a ticket may be obtained for six or three months, or books will be loaned at five cents a day by the volume. Ladies, we think, will be especially attracted by the quiet aspect of the library room, which will incline them to select at their leisure the books they desire, and to sit down a while and examine the latest periodicals.

The Harvard rowers are expecting to spend a few weeks in England before the International Boat-race comes off, and have planned to sail in the *City of Paris*, on the 10th of July. The *Boston Post* in commenting on their preparatory training says that "the old silly plan of limiting a man to raw beef and bread crusts, with a thimbleful of water now and then, has at last died a natural death at Harvard, after struggling for several years, and now a rower, like a farmer in hay-time, can 'eat what is set before him, asking no questions for conscience's sake.'"

The Cuban Fair, at Apollo Hall, has been a success. Many valuable contributions have been received from various parts of this country and from Europe; and the rich and unique tables and good music have made the whole entertainment an unusually attractive one.

West Point will be a great centre of interest for the coming fortnight. The examinations commence this week; and family friends of the enterprising cadets, and many who secretly fancy they may some time be the "nearer one yet and the dearer," as well as scores of butterflies who only want to have a good time somewhere, are turning their faces thitherward. West Point is looking charmingly fresh and green just now. We mean nothing personal toward the cadets by this remark! We are only luxuriating in the remembrance of the magnificent view of the Hudson, as seen from Roe's Hotel, and the soft, rich green which carpeted the parade-ground about a week ago.

The Croton Department recently awarded contracts amounting to nearly $300,000 for constructing sewers and laying Belgian pavement in this city. The streets will be in dire confusion during the summer, if those who have accepted the contracts do their duty. But how delightful it would be if our metropolis did not require such continual repairing!

A few years ago a couple of portrait painters in Boston, finding business dull in midsummer, migrated to a village about thirty miles distant from the "Hub," where many spiritualists lived. These artists announced themselves as "Professors of spiritual manifestations." Having drawn a hundred or so of rough fancy portraits on large sheets of printing paper, and hung them around the walls of a room, they exhibited them as spiritual portraits of persons who had died in that vicinity within the previous twenty years. Friends and relatives of "the deceased" recognized more than two-thirds of the "charcoal portraits," and purchased them at two dollars each!

French surgeons have demonstrated by experiments in Africa, that soldiers wearing their beards are much less liable to diseases of the eye than others. This is said to be due to the intimate connection between the nerves and muscles of the face and eyes.

There is a young American lady in Naples—so report goes—who has the misfortune to be sought in marriage by two Italian noblemen. One of them has offered himself in due form, laying his palaces, horses, fortune, and titles at her feet. The style of courting is especially Italian. Though rejected, he still pursues. Every morning he sends in a costly bouquet. The young lady dare not walk out, for she is immediately pursued. When the young lady rides out with her parents, the Duke pursues, up hill and down, in the city and out. By bribing the servants, he knows which room the young lady occupies. When not admitted to the house, though he seeks admission every night, he walks the pavement till the lights are put out in the room. He is an officer in the Italian army. Wherever his command moves, it goes by the mansion, and is given strict orders that every officer and soldier shall salute the house when he passes. He threatens to shoot his rival; renews his offer every day; and can't understand what an American girl can want more than to have a coronet placed on her brow.

Washington relaxes itself a little when Congress is not in session. Residents who rented their best rooms to members and others, now emerge from attics and basements, and spread themselves in more commodious apartments. Every body is "taking things easy," and having a quietly good time. Travelers, also, who happen to go to the Capital, now can get good rooms, good seats at table, and good attendance at the hotels.

English engineers are turning their attention to under-sea tunnels. Scarcely has the public begun to look forward to a tunnel under the English Channel, between Dover and Calais, when it is proposed to unite Scotland and Ireland by a tunnel, running from a point on the north coast of Antrim, Ireland, to Glenstrom, Scotland, passing through the high, rocky peninsula called the Mull of Cantyre. The total length of the tunnel is estimated at fourteen miles three furlongs. It is estimated that it will require about six years to construct the tunnel, and that it will cost $21,250,000.

A good story is told of a mocking-bird of great accomplishments, who could sing and whistle wonderfully. His name was "Sir Jocko," and he was valued at $250. The bird was drawn as a prize in a raffle by a gentleman of this city who knew his acquirements, and thought his musical powers would be a delight to the home circle. But, strange to say, after his removal to his new home no amount of coaxing, or delicate food, or threats, or any thing that could be said to "Sir Jocko," was sufficient to open his mouth in song. He ate all his victuals, but never a word, in the way of music, would he say in response. Things went on thus for four months, at the end of which time the bird was sent back to his former owner. He arrived there about 2 o'clock in the afternoon—a good long hour was spent in getting himself in proper array, and at the end of that time "Sir Jocko" commenced a triumphant song which never concluded till he had sung every note of every song he ever knew a dozen, dozen, dozen times over.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Ingenious, but Lame!—A man was tried, some little time back, for stealing several clocks. The defense set up by the learned gentleman who appeared for him was this: That, after the prisoner had taken the clocks to his own house, *he put 'em all back!* The jury didn't see it!

Definition of an Elephant by a Frenchman.—An animal to whom nature has given the privilege of being unable to see himself.

When is a newspaper the sharpest?—When it is filed.

On verdant bank my Katie sat,
'Mid butter-cup and daisy,
While I reclined, without my hat,
And felt enthralled, but lazy.

Simple, yet e'en sublime our fare—
Ham sandwiches I brought her;
Cape-sherry too, my love had there—
She liked it—mixed with water.

Stern fate! As thus, in calmest bliss,
My love and I sat eating,
She paused—what blight was this?
My heart 'gan wildly beating.

Breathless I ask, "Why, why that tear?
That cheek so brightly blushing?
That classic brow so white and clear,
Deep as the sunset flushing?

"Tell me, oh tell me quick, the cause!"
Not long sweet Katie hid it:
With deep drawn sigh she said, "Oh laws!
It was the mustard did it!"

EPITAPHS.

On a person named Chest:

"Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another;
The one of them is very good,
Who says so of the other?"

On a very old man:

"He lived to 105 because he was strong,
100 to 5 you don't live so long."

The extensive authority of parents under Chinese laws is well known. A Chinese son, who had been flogged by his mother every day for forty years, shed tears in the company of one of her friends. "Why do you weep?" "Alas! things are not as they used to be. The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day!"

There was a boy of the name of Cuba, whose father died so long ago that nobody remembers him; and whose mother, Mrs. Spain, has been subsisting ever since, no one knows exactly how, partly upon odds and ends of her own, and partly upon money that little Cuba has sent her out of his wages. Cuba has been a good son, on the whole, and has done a good deal for his mother. Lately the old lady has married again, moved into a new house, and is very nicely set up in the world. Now Cuba says he wants to work for himself and save his money to buy a farm. That is all right. Let the boy have a chance.

The following lately appeared in a country paper: "Wanted, a steady young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion."

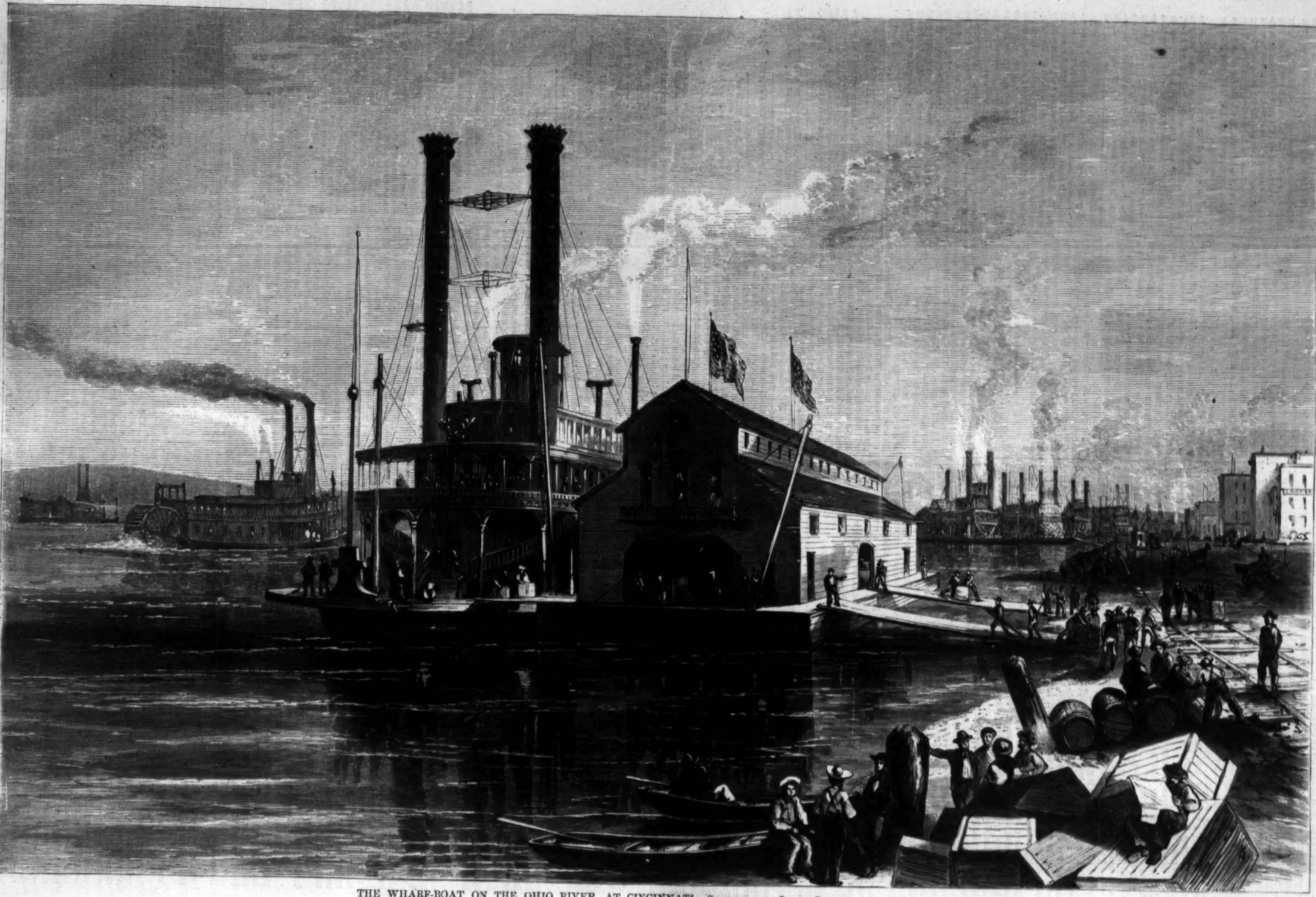
Why is Canada like courtship?—Because it borders on the United States.

An infant prodigy of the male genus, after watching a funeral procession thoughtfully one day, and hearing the ordinary sort of remarks about it, suddenly startled the family by the determined assertion, "Well, I don't want to be the last angel God makes!" "Why, what do you mean?" cried an astonished sister. "I don't care, I don't," insisted the boy, "because I want to see how he makes 'em!"

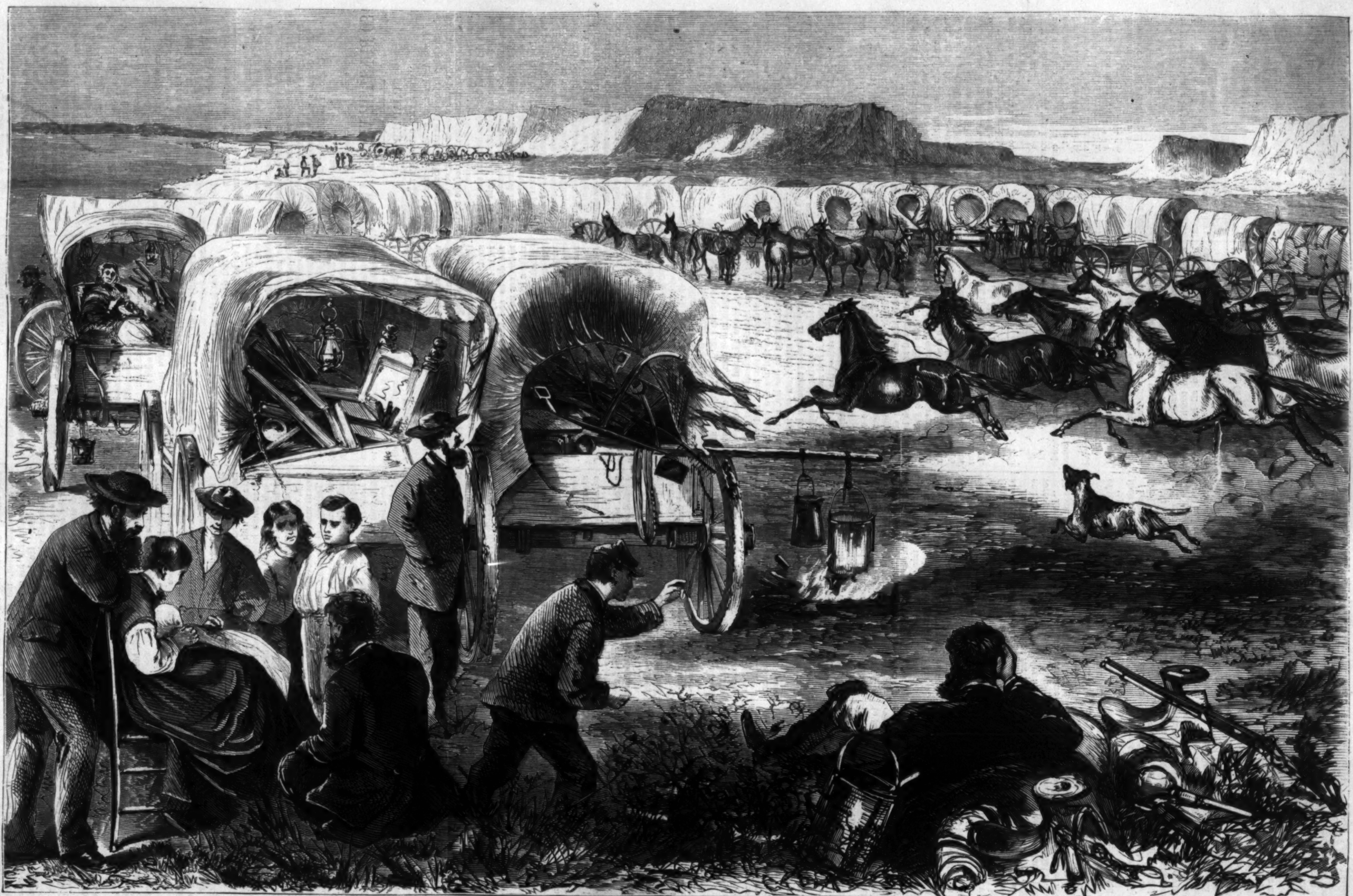
A traveler says that if he were asked to describe the first sensation of a camel ride, he would say, "Take a music stool, and having wound it up as high as it would go, put it in a cart without springs, get on top, and next drive the cart transversely across a plowed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel."

A MODEL HUSBAND.

I saw a model husband in a dream,
Where things are not exactly what they seem;
A moral man, to skeptics be it known;
The wife he loved and cherished was his own;
And for the test—I saw the husband wait
With horse and chaise five minutes at the gate,
While Jane put on her things; nor spake one sour
Or bitter word, though waiting half an hour
For dinner; and, like Patience on a throne,
He didn't swear to find a button gone.



THE WHARF-BOAT ON THE OHIO RIVER, AT CINCINNATI.—Sketched by Jacob Gervis.—[See Page 379.]



PILGRIMS ON THE PLAINS.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 379.]

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A thousand cups are filled for him;
He only pauses on the rim
A second, then away!
Balanced on tiny wings about,
His slender bill darts in and out;
In dewy freshness, white and blue,
The morning-glories blow;
He can not drain them half, I know—
Too rich to make possession true,
As only using may.

We, wanderers too, by thirst constrained—
Which of these fountains have we drained?
'Midst Pleasure's overtide
We miss Content, the sweetness true.
Oh, humming-bird! if flowers were few,
And there were need to seek in each
All sweetness that might be,
Should we not joy more perfectly?
And all the heart and life to reach,
Go *deeper*, if less wide?

Poor as we call our world, I trow
There is more sweetness in it now
Than we can enjoy.
The old has always something new;
In winter-days, when friends are few,
And there is need to search in each
All sweetness that may be,
Some depth undreamed of sympathy
May Sorrow's patient wooing reach,
Unknown to fluttering joy.

Carl Spencer.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER V.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY."

When Azalea next awoke to consciousness she was lying in her bed at Orme House, and saw that the dingy picture which hung on the opposite wall was suffused by the light of the setting sun.

As she raised herself on her arm she was surprised by feeling a sharp flash of pain in the limb. Then she remembered with sudden clearness all that had passed—remembered first Topaz's danger, and instinctively thrust out her hand to see if he were safe in his usual place at the foot of the bed. Relieved on this score by hearing an ominous little growl indicative of his discontent at being disturbed, she withdrew her hand and began to investigate her own injuries. She found one arm very stiff and painful, but with that exception she was unhurt; she thought she would get up. It was very dull there. The room seemed more lonely as the light faded, and the roar of distant waves could be heard, but no longer seen, through the gloom of night.

"I wonder if they have had their tea," she said, her thoughts reverting rather wistfully to the idea of a bright fire and hissing urn.

She had some difficulty in dressing herself, owing to the impracticability of moving her arm quickly, and in the confusion of the darkness she reassumed her old ragged dress instead of the new blue one which was placed in order in a drawer.

When dressed she propped Topaz under her unhurt arm, and crept slowly down the stairs.

She found her way to the school-room, and, pushing open the door, found, to her relief, that Conrad was the only person present.

That young gentleman was seated in an easy-chair by the fire, his chair tilted, his feet resting at a convenient angle on the chimney-piece; he held a sporting paper in his hand, and was looking intensely sagacious over the intelligence it contained. He turned his head as Azalea entered, and cried, with genuine pleasure in his tone, "Halloa! So you ain't killed after all, nor hurt, nor any thing? You want some tea," he added, on seeing her eyes stray toward the empty table. "*I'll* order you some." He rang the bell in his grandest manner, and with dignity, which would have been impressive had it emanated from a less diminutive figure, ordered "Some tea for Miss Moore."

Azalea looked astonished. King Log was evidently displaced by King Mob for the nonce. Where was Miss Slater, with all her dignity of office; and where were the Misses Orme?

"Isn't it a lark?" chuckled Conrad. "We've got the school-room all to ourselves. This is a company day."

"A what?"

"A company day, you know. People to dinner, and the girls in stiff curls and stuck-out sashes going down to dessert. *I* shall go in too; but, as I don't have my hair pinched or my bows pulled out, I sha'n't take two hours to dress. And now you've come we'll be jolly, and I'll put you up to a thing or two."

Azalea sat down by the fire and watched her companion with interest as he pulled a small cane from a cupboard and began to cut it with a penknife.

Topaz also watched the proceeding furtively out of the corner of his eye. Experience had taught him that a boy with a stick was the natural enemy of a dog. But Conrad's intentions on this occasion were of the friendliest description; for after cutting off two pieces from the cane he offered one to Azalea, saying, with solemn kindness:

"Have a weed?"

"I don't know what you mean," Azalea said, looking at it doubtfully.

"Oh, what a muff! Well, have a smoke, then? Look. Do as I do. Light it at the end, and then draw in the smoke with your breath and puff it out again."

"And what's the good of that?"

"Good? No good; but it's such fun. Wouldn't the old girl be in a rage if she could see us! The gov won't allow real smoking, you know; but one day I did smoke a real cigar."

"Did you like it?"

"Well, no; it made me a little sick; and that was how the gov found it out. And he said if ever he caught me with such nastiness in my mouth again he'd give me a licking."

"But you shouldn't do it, if he don't like it," said Azalea, with a qualm of conscience.

"It won't hurt him if he don't know, will it?" answered the young philosopher. "Now here's the tea-things; I know where they keep the jam-pots; and we'll have a regular tuck-out."

The children sat down, and, despite her bruised arm, Azalea really enjoyed herself.

Conrad made a capital host. He dispensed Miss Slater's good things with generous hospitality. He did not mind how many of other people's jam-pots he opened, nor how much he consumed.

Presently he put down his spoon and sighed heavily.

"What is the matter?" asked Azalea.

"Oh dear!" groaned her companion. "Here I've been stuffing myself out with a lot of raspberry jam, and I quite forgot to look for the apricot. I know there is some, for I saw Rosa cribbing the almonds out of it the other day. I saw her mouth looking sticky, and taxed her with it. She confessed because she couldn't help it, and on condition of my not peaching she promised to show me where it was."

"And did she?"

"No, the mean little beast," said Conrad, gloomingly; "she didn't. And now I've eaten the other and don't care to look for it."

Azalea sighed faintly. She had not eaten much herself, and would not have objected to apricot conserve.

"What selfish things girls are!" Conrad observed, pushing away his plate. "But I must leave you now, Azalea."

"Pray don't," Azalea urged, dismally. "It will be so dull to be here alone."

"I must go and dress, you know. It don't take me so long as it does the girls; but a gentleman must wash his hands and put on a clean shirt. Ta-ta, Azalea. (What a rum name it is!) I wish you'd come with me to-morrow to the downs and have some pea-shooting. My sisters are no good at all, but I think I might make a handy little thing of you."

Left to her own resources, Azalea sat on the rug and pondered over her situation. She was very dull, and her arm pained her; people were unkind to her, and instead of being happier than she was at Auriel, she was not nearly so happy.

Down stairs she could hear the clatter of the dinner-things and the hurried movements of the servants pacing to and fro the passages; then she thought she detected the patter of the children's feet outside; she felt her way to the door, and, peeping out, saw Rosa and Amelia radiant in shiny curls, in pure-hued muslins, and glistening sashes, walking slowly up the stairs, laden with fancy baskets which had evidently been filled with bonbons from the dessert-table.

The children passed on; Miss Slater's tall, thin figure preceding them, and Azalea returned to her seat by the fire. She grew tired at last, tired of the pain in her arm, tired of her upright posture, and, above all, tired of her own weariness; and so, leaning her head against the chair, she crouched down on the floor and went to sleep. She awoke to find the fire dead in the grate, Topaz shivering on her lap, and herself stiff and cold. She arose from the floor with some difficulty. It was an unusually loud burst of music up stairs, announcing the recommencement of a dance, which had awakened her; and as she felt her way across the room she could hear the ceiling vibrate to the footsteps of the dancers.

"I'll go up and look at them," she said, desperately. "I can't stay here any longer."

She accordingly went on to the landing, where she was nearly blinded by the glare of lamps, and crept up the grand staircase which led to the drawing-room. She passed by the great door, and went to a small one which she remembered communicated with a sort of recess formed near a large bay-window; then she opened it gently, and ragged, disheveled, shoeless Azalea passed into a chamber, resonant with music, radiant with light, rich with perfume of exotics, and filled with the *élite* of Brighton.

CHAPTER VI.

AZALEA'S DÉBUT.

"Here's a go!" were the first distinct words that followed the hum of surprise which greeted Azalea's entry into the drawing-room.

Need I say that the exclamation proceeded from Conrad, and that, pithy as it was, it expressed very tolerably the general sensation of surprise and discomfort?

Miss Slater made a dive at Azalea, catching hold of her by the arm, and with outward amiability but suppressed fury, urged her instant departure. It was a mistaken move. Azalea was scared, sleepy, and non-combative when she entered the room; the rough touch and sight of Miss Slater's face roused all her dormant energy.

"Let me go!" she screamed, "or I'll make you!"

"Go away, Azalea!" Lord Orme said, angrily; "go away, directly, or—"

"You hear what Lord Orme says?" interposed Miss Slater. "Come with me, directly, Azalea."

She did not, however, venture to touch the child this time.

"I shall not go for you!" she said, looking defiantly into the governess's face. Then her whole manner changed, and she went up timidly to Lord Orme. "I am going," she said, in a choked voice.

She lifted up her face, and Lord Orme, glancing round at his guests, saw the keen observation which was following her movement, and heard, in imagination, the surprised murmur which would follow his caress of this beggarly-dressed child. He hesitated. Lord Orme always hesitated whenever he had a chance.

His eye and his lip formed "no," when a passer-by accidentally pushed against Azalea's injured arm, causing her to utter a sharp cry of pain. In an instant a shielding arm was round her, and the asked-for kiss descended as a quick consolation to her lips. Then a richly-dressed lady who was standing by Lord Orme's side (will Lord Orme ever cease to bless Lady Di Merton for her kindly tact?) took hold of Azalea's little hands, saying:

"Let the poor child come with me and get something to eat before she goes away, Lord Orme; and do come, too, and tell me how this little Cinderella got here, and all about her. I see the prince has already stolen both her shoes."

Lady Diana was unconscious that this was the child who had fallen under her wheels in the morning: had she remembered her, it would have been with the half-sick aversion she might feel to some hapless beetle which had been so ill-judged as to crawl to its death under her boot. She hated all ugly images of death or suffering, and she had never looked twice at the prostrate child, contenting herself with directing her servants to make all necessary inquiries.

Talking and laughing, Lady Diana moved on with a grace all her own, enveloping nearly the whole of Azalea's little person in voluminous folds of tulle.

Lady Diana paused before a buffet on which stood fruit and wine, and seating herself before it, took the child on her lap.

"How beautiful you are!" Azalea said, looking up reverently at the lovely face bent over hers.

Lady Diana laughed, not ill-pleased. The humblest offering to her vanity is ever welcome to the true coquette.

There was a pause. Azalea seemed lost in meditation, and Lady Diana did not know what to say next; she began to feel uncomfortable—she generally did feel uncomfortable with children and dogs; it puzzled her to accommodate herself gracefully to their unartificial manners. Put her face to face with a court lady or a foreign diplomatist, and who so perfectly at ease as she? but a child's innocence or a dog's spontaneous greeting perplexed her immeasurably. Fortunately she carried a small looking-glass in her fan, and was enabled to solace herself with the assurance of her own perfection while she awaited Azalea's next observation.

"Why do you wear these things?" the latter asked, softly touching with her finger one of the jeweled chains which encircled the lady's soft throat. "Don't they make you cross? things round the neck worry me so." This was said with a lively recollection of the discarded lace frill.

"I wear them because they make me pretty, and other women jealous," Lady Diana answered, with infectious candor.

"You have not told me who Cinderella is yet," she added, gayly, motioning to Lord Orme to occupy a neighboring chair. "What is her name?"

"Azalea Moore," he answered, shortly.

"Azalea! what an odd name; it's a flower, isn't it? one of those yellow things that grow in pots."

Lady Diana's knowledge of flowers was chiefly confined to those specimens furnished by Harding for her bouquets.

At that instant Lord Orme leaned over Azalea and made a gentle effort to lift her away; but Lady Diana tightened her fair arm round the child's waist, and looked at both the opposite faces. A sudden suspicion lit up her gray eyes and dispelled the affectation of languor. Almost as quick as her glance was the certainty of her conviction.

"Blue eyes, fair curling hair, delicate nose, short upper-lip, rather full delicate chin. Umph! well, of course, there's the difference between wrinkles and dimples, between morning and twilight, thirteen and forty odd; but they are as like as two peas, only one's green and the other's shriveled."

It was not a poetical comparison to come from such a lovely mouth; but then we do not always talk blank verse to ourselves.

Azalea slipped down on to a stool at her feet, and looked up at the lady's face with shy and reverent eyes.

"I wonder if people who live in the stars are like you," the child said.

"I'm sure I don't know," Lady Diana answered, somewhat startled by the novelty of the proposition. "What do you suppose those sort of people are like?"

"I never fancied I saw any thing more than their eyes—they have lovely eyes."

Lady Diana smiled a conscious little look into Lord Orme's face.

"This little girl has been to star-land," she said, gayly.

"Indeed!" Lord Orme answered, absently.

"Yes," continued the lady, with a slight touch of sarcasm in her voice; "but her education has evidently been much neglected. Now if your little Rosa had taken such a flight heavenward, she would have noted a variety of interesting things—whether crinoline or gored skirts are worn, for instance; whether the little girls she met moved in the first circles of the star-world, whether their sashes stood out and their hair curled properly, whether they were High-Church or Low-Church, et cetera; but this narrow-minded little creature only dreams of eyes shining down on her, which, for beauty, she says, resemble my own." There was a touch of pathos in the tender tone of self-love in which the lady spoke, and the appeal was too direct not to penetrate even Lord Orme's somewhat obtuse faculties, and he smiled in spite of himself.

"It is evident that a perfect taste is not necessarily the result of culture," he said, gallantly. "I shall think very highly of the judgment of visitors to the stars in future."

"You are looking tired," Lady Diana said, suddenly addressing Azalea. "Poor little thing, I must not keep you up too late!"

Azalea looked up to object that she was not at all tired, but something in the lady's face told her that her absence was desired.

"Thank you for being so beautiful and kind," she said, earnestly; then she slipped away, not venturing to ask another caress of Lord Orme. She had seen the hesitation in his manner on the previous occasion.

She felt very small and shabby indeed when she was removed from her temporary throne of glory on Lady Diana's knees, and cast a wistful look behind her, as though entreating some friendly hand to pilot her through the long line of those glittering rooms.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY DIANA.

She was a coquette from the glossy crown of her warm-colored hair to the tips of her pretty round feet. Flirtation came as naturally to her as walking sideways does to a crab, singing to a lark, or the love of tormenting to a school-boy. She could no more resist the impulse to coquet than she could refrain from satisfying hunger or relieving thirst. She was a widow, and she believed that her husband had died without finding her out, and the memory of his obtuseness was an unmitigated satisfaction to Lady Diana, for she had a kind heart, which was frequently a prey to remorse and tormented by keen regrets.

It was the power of feeling so much of what she feigned that made her doubly dangerous.

She loved with enough passion to wake fire in men's hearts, and when she found the flames she had kindled becoming dangerous in their unruly fierceness, she retired from the conflagration with infinite tact and grace.

It is a wonder that she had not grown tired of her play, and wearied of the endless repetition of the same thing; but does the keen sportsman ever fail to hear his heart throb, his blood tingle, when he gallops up wind in the track of the hounds? Does not a cat, even when she is sleek and well-fed, pounce on the mouse she is too pampered to devour, patting it in deadly play, watching its frantic gyrations with blazing eye and curved claw, enjoying its terror, and finally finishing the matter with a decisive crunch?

Lady Diana, too, was a victim to her passion for sport—a victim, for have I not said that she suffered at least half of what she inflicted? Notwithstanding that she knew her pleasure was one that besmirched her soul, spattered her reputation, and degraded her womanhood—notwithstanding that she repented much, was often inconveniently in love, more often inconveniently beloved—notwithstanding that she was now thirty-five, and so had pursued her sport for twenty years—she still watched with interest for the first careless look of admiration from a stranger's eyes, with enjoyment for the prolonged glance which spoke of a deeper sentiment. She knew how to interpret every symptom of her increasing influence. She liked to see a bright face grow pensive, an easy manner constrained, a prompt tongue incoherent and clumsy of speech. She liked to watch the insidious poison of the wound she had dealt creep through a man's system until it culminated in delirium, until love blazed in his eyes and choked his heart, sweeping like a torrent over every obstacle that strove to stem its fatal sway. Her eyes looked innocent enough to carry her to heaven, but she herself did not think that their sweet, gray lights would ever shine in the world of pure spirits. She knew that she was wicked. She thought she would be very likely punished in a future state for her moral obliquity in this, but still she did not change her ways. I am not even certain that by this time it would have been possible for her to discard her second nature. Second! it was the first! She rather liked eating what she considered to be palatable, she reveled in sleep, but her first instinct was to excite affection and to feign its return. With enough of real feeling to intensify enjoyment, with a fancy sufficiently poetic and refined to feel the finest phase, the most subtile touches of the beautiful love-dreams she rehearsed, with fairness to charm and mind to hold, what wonder if she was "fatal to men?" What wonder either that, being morally as slippery as an eel, and dextrous from long practice, she was enabled to flee swiftly from under the strong pillars she, Samson-like, delighted to hurl from their high estate?

It was long past midnight when Lady Diana returned home from Lord Orme's ball.

She unloosed her hair until it tumbled in rich warm masses over her shoulders, unfastened the glittering ornaments which were adorned by her beauty (I can not admit that the round living loveliness of a beautiful woman is adorned by the hard glitter of unpliable gems), and putting them and her shining ball-dress away from her, enveloped herself in the soft folds of a cashmere dressing-gown, kicked off her little boots, dived her round feet under the table until they found and took refuge in padded depths of her slippers, settled herself in her chair, and betook herself to perusing her letters and sipping her chocolate.

Once she found her eyes resting on a miniature portrait of her late husband. Stuart Merton's effigy was staring at his widow in as bland unconsciousness of her proceedings as the original had apparently been during life.

"Poor Stuart!" sighed Lady Diana; "he

had his use; he put a certain limit to unreasonable demands." She sighed again as she looked down at a letter she twirled between her fingers, a thick double sheet, covered with great black scrawls—a letter in which the pen was speeded by the passionate haste of the writer's heart—the characters blurred by loving incoherence.

"Marry! of course I can't marry. Smothered with debts as I am, how can I marry a poor man? But I must put an end to this at once—it is only honorable not to keep him in suspense." (Lady Diana actually had a code of honor in these matters.) She sat up in her chair and wrote off three or four pages with rapid fluency, although, as she said in the commencement of her letter, she "hardly knew how to fashion words that nearly broke her heart to write!"

Her face expressed real emotion at that portion of her letter where she prayed forgiveness for all the bitter pain she had caused him whom she addressed. She was sincere in this prayer. She would have liked human hearts to accept and acknowledge compensation for injuries done them with the sweet benignity with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer receives the penitence of recusant tax-payers.

"That's done," she said, with a sigh of relief as she sealed her missive; then she finished her chocolate and sauntered to the window which faced the sea. Was it by accident or design that she clasped her hands above her head in a languorous movement which sent floats of her sunny brown hair in tumbled masses to her waist?

"My face is rather faded," was Lady Diana's candid reflection as she stole a glance from between her heavy lids at an opposite mirror, "but no one can deny that my figure is lovely."

It is to be supposed that so accomplished an actress was not playing only to a blaze of morning sun, or a heaving mass of waters. Standing near the wall that skirted the opposite cliff was the form of a man, a man whose eyes had been turned toward Lady Diana's windows ever since the day had dawned. Had she been near enough she would have seen all the passionate yearning of a face whose very look at her was in itself an embrace.

Presently she went to bed and curled herself round in a nest of down pillows.

"Lord Orme can't have less than thirty thousand a year; but those children would be a great nuisance. How spiteful it is of a woman to die and leave her husband's value so spoiled in the matrimonial market! Still, thirty thousand is better than nothing. Thirty thousand a year is decidedly better than—" her words dropped more slowly from between her lips, her thoughts wandered in a pleasant but confused maze under the creeping influence of sleep.

In a few seconds the heavy lids closed in the shadow of drooping lashes, and Lady Diana slept soundly and sweetly.

Not so the watcher outside: he lingered until every possible chance of her reappearance seemed over, and then he went away, slowly and unwillingly; to him the sun wasn't sun that did not shine on that window; the fresh rolling waves were dull and soundless that foamed elsewhere than on that slip of coast. He went away with vexation in his heart, and as he went he repulsed, rather roughly for him (for ordinarily Thurstan Mowbray was very gentle to aught that bore the name of woman), the importunities of a poor wretch whose pinched, starved face looked the more ghastly from the false bloom that smeared her cheeks.

"God bless you, my darling!" Thurstan said, reverently, as he took a last look through the balcony of flowers; then he stumbled against the street-walker and angrily bade her "be off:" he flung her some money, however, and the woman clutched it, bursting into an agony of hysterical sobs as she felt herself grasping life again at the touch of that food-giving, thirst-satisfying gold. "Such as she ought to be shut up," a meditative policeman (a family man) said, who noted this little incident as he tramped up and down his beat on the opposite side of the road.

The policeman referred to the street-walker; but I am of opinion that, of the two, the sleeping beauty at No. — was more deserving of incarceration.

CHAPTER VIII.

AZALEA'S EDUCATION.

"YOU'RE to be educated!" announced Conrad to Azalea.

"Don't," pleaded Azalea; "you make me feel sick" (alluding to an oscillating movement Conrad delighted to keep up with his legs): "what do you mean by my being educated?"

"You're to get up at five and play the scales, one, two, three, and turn under—C D E F G A B C," chanted Conrad, with a dismal howl as he attained the upper note. "Then Slaty will get angry with your thumbs, and turn them under for you; and, oh my! won't they tingle when she thumps them down on to the notes!"

"I should like to play tunes," Azalea said, thoughtfully.

"But these won't be tunes," Conrad rejoined; "at least, if they are they are awfully dismal ones, and when you come to practice them when the chilblains are on, in the winter's morning, they'll be agonies."

"Well; and what else?"

"When practicing is over you'll have breakfast—there's hot buttered toast; but you'll have to be precious sharp to get hold of that—Slaty bags it generally. You'll have thin bread-and-butter and milk, and then you'll say grace. By rights Miss Slater ought to say grace twice, she gets so much the best of it. If you stoop in your seat you'll be fastened to a board."

"What's that for?"

"There's nothing so important in life as a straight back," droned Conrad, imitating the governess's precise voice. "Then there's lots of other things to be done. You must draw eyes and noses until you're sick of the sight of them. There's one eye Rosa copied thirty times, and the last time it squinted worse than the first."

"I can draw," Azalea said, proudly.

"Ah! but you couldn't draw that eye; it was a regular stumper!" Conrad answered, solemnly. "Then you must do sums and g'ography, 'stronomy, phrenology, and all sorts of ologies. You'll never be able to manage it, so you had better cave in at once, and ask the gov to let you off."

"What Rosa and Amelia can do I can," Azalea said, resentfully.

"Oh no, you won't"—(with a supercilious raising of his lids)—"the Misses Orme are very different from you."

"Thank goodness!" Azalea broke in, rudely.

"Very different," pursued Conrad; "for you are nobody; and you know, Azalea, you're a brick in some things, but there's no doubt but that you're a dunce."

Conrad's depreciation of Azalea, and exaltation of his sisters, may be ascribed to the fact that he had just reconciled that quarrel with Rosa concerning the stolen jam. He had received a pacificatory bribe in the shape of a double-bladed penknife, and in the flush of recovered friendship he listened to and adopted some portion of his sister's unfavorable estimate of his new friend.

For a moment Azalea's heart sank within her at this new-found unkindness. Then her stormy spirit blazed up in her eyes as she rose and confronted Conrad with an air of disdain.

"And, pray, how much do *you* know?" she demanded.

"We're in the Fourth of Virgil in our form," Conrad said, evasively.

"What is the third person plural, perfect tense, subjunctive mood, of *Audior?*" Azalea asked, sternly.

Conrad whistled, and looked. "Of course I know," he said, superbly; "but I sha'n't say!"

"Because you *can't*," hissed Azalea; "ugh! who's the dunce now? I always knew you couldn't do your verbs."

"Who told you?"

"I sha'n't say," mocked Azalea, leaving the room with a little malicious laugh.

Then she ran up stairs to her bedroom, flung her arms round Topaz's neck, and burst into an agony of tears.

She had let fall many hot drops on Topaz's nose (afflicting that sensitive animal with the idea that there were a good many flies about), when she heard some one kicking at the door. She drew near it cautiously, judging from the nature of the sound that the intruder was aggressive. Words of peace, however, came blown through the keyhole.

"Don't cut up rough; there's a good fellow. I won't call you names any more. Do come out: I'm going to sail my ship in the round pond on the downs, and I want you to help me."

Azalea did not detect the selfish motive that lurked in the request; she only thought that Conrad was generous and forgiving, and her heart smote her as she remembered her taunt concerning *Audior*. She opened the door, and received his half shy, half sulky expression of his wish for reconciliation with such cordial grace of manner that he on his part was quite mollified. They descended the stairs together, accompanied by Topaz, and Conrad softly led the way to a back-door.

"Hush-h-h!" he whispered; "if the old cat catches us it's all up."

Thus admonished, Azalea followed on tip-toe, Topaz in her arms, and presently the three were walking up the hill that led to the downs, Conrad looking important, Azalea excited, and Topaz discursive.

When they reached the top of the grassy hill near which sparkled the pond Conrad had christened the Great Pacific, he graciously gave his companion leave to rest while he arranged his ship's tackle.

"How beautiful!" murmured Azalea, with a sort of suppressed rapture, as she sank down on the grass and looked around her.

"Yes," Conrad said, complacently, "I gave two-pun-ten for it to old Benbow; he makes them to order."

Azalea did not correct the mistake. She was contented to remain still, her eyes filled by beauty born not of man, her heart lifted by the freshness of the strong wind that rushed over the free bosom of the hills. Shadows soft as clouds swept down the sloping sides of one hill; another was warm in the blaze of the sun; while in the far distance, sunshine and hills, wind and shadow, seemed swept away in boundless continuity. A faint tinkle of bells from the sheep that flecked the shadow of the valley beneath; a murmur from the ocean that lay behind the heights; a low line of autumn-burnt foliage fringing the western slopes, making a streak of gold through the purple film of distance—such was the view presented to the two little human mites. One gazed at it with a glorious sense of immortality filling her heart; the other looked at it not at all, but followed with intense anxiety the course of his frail craft through the wind-fluttered pool.

Azalea was recalled to practical life by an exclamation from her companion.

"Come quick," he cried; "she's sinking! The crew are already washed away." (The crew consisted of six sailors from Tinland.)

Then what confusion and anxiety prevailed on the pond's brink; what desperate efforts on Azalea's part for the salvation of the submerged tars; what helpless dives from Conrad's stick to make the top-heavy vessel recover her balance; what a splashing of arms and legs; and, finally, what triumph in the laughter that rippled over the pond's breast, and in the two rosy faces reflected in its depths!

A few hours later, and the children were at home; the pool was disturbed no longer, save by the velvet-lipped cattle that came with stealthy foot and meditative air to quench their thirst at its brink. The night deepened with roar of wind and hiss of sea, while fathomless shadow seemed to lie over all. The day was done, and a bright hour had passed from their lives.

What a pity that pastimes so simple, and withal so amusing (for in our elder years our less innocent pleasures don't amuse us nearly so much as we try to persuade ourselves they do), should ever lose their charm; that faces so bright and sinless as those that pond on the hill-side reflected, should ever be seamed with pain and darkened by foul thoughts!

CHAPTER IX.

THE LONELY OLD MAN AT HOME.

THE autumn sun had never burned so dully, the drooping hours had never seemed to linger so wearily during any past season as they did now, George Moore thought.

"Was the child never coming back?"

She had scarcely been gone more than a fortnight; but his wearying heart lengthened that period to twice the number of days.

Azalea had taken the place of strong hands and keen gaze. What pleasure he felt in living was derived almost entirely from her; he felt his old pride in his acquirements revive when he sought to impart them to her. "I can't teach you French, but I'll teach you something much grander," he said; and although the child occasionally proved rebellious, although she sometimes allowed a passing butterfly to exercise such a fascination over her that the noun substantives would float out into the flower beds, and there vanish, gender, number, case, and all, in a confusion of red blossoms and fluttering wings; although the note of her pet wood-doves would coo *Esse* into confusion, and make an utter rout of the irregular verbs—still she was, on the whole, a fairly diligent pupil. At all times she was a very apt one, and Moore took great pleasure in her proficiency.

He had taught her, too, to speak her own language correctly: true, there was just the slightest tinge of rusticity in his intonation: but nothing more than many a provincial gentleman inherits from his centuries of provincial ancestors. It was enough to sadden the sound of his words (nearly all provincials have a melancholy intonation), but in Azalea's soft voice the defect was scarcely perceptible; while she learned from him all the grammatical precision of language natural to one who had found it somewhat of an effort to acquire such accuracy.

It was noon; that very noon when Topaz nearly immolated himself and his mistress under Lady Diana's carriage-wheels.

Moore had smoked out his pipe, and sat on the bench outside his door, looking fretfully at the shadows lengthening on the lawn. I do not know if his thoughts were actively or passively regretful: perhaps he was grudging the daily return of shadows that brought not her in their sad duskfulness; perhaps he was grumbling at the roses for dropping their leaves faster than he could pick them up; perhaps he was thinking not at all, but was inert in mind as in frame.

Of what do they think—they who are stricken by age or sickness? What becomes of the once vigorous design, the clearly expressed desire, the quickness to feel, the wish to receive and communicate that sympathy by which men keep each other's heart warm? Where is the loving intelligence of eye and lip? Where is the generous sorrow and the divine aspiration? Have they decayed with the frail form, or do they linger bright and incorruptible behind that dull film of eye, that feeble expression, and that helpless silence? The mind of our friend, once an open map, becomes a sealed book to us. We can not tell how much or how little he reflects. We do not know whether his heart is ever fired by the recollection of past injury, or soft with the memory of dead love. The mystery of silence, which puts a veil between us and the intelligence of animal life, has fallen on the dear human lips that once spoke every thought of the heart to us. The mystery of incomprehension causes them to answer our searching eyes with vague and wondering glance.

Of what do the dying think? There are moments when the anguished faces that are bent over them would give much to solve that problem. *They* know that death is creeping nearer and nearer. They hear him in the restless tick of the clock, in the sobs of the children, in the desperate anguish of the watching mother. They know that yet a little while and the moving shadow on the pane, the twitter of the birds, the dying sunlight, and the weird sigh of the wind, will cease to be for the sick man—that a few more hard-drawn breaths will bring him face to face with unfathomable knowledge. They know that they may never, after to-day, get one more living kiss from his lips, or gain the balm of recognition from his eyes, and as they yearn for a look or sign, his eyes look beyond them to some invisible presence. His faint gestures are not addressed to them; his hands wander in search of something they can not give him. Is the face to which he beckons that of friend or foe? Are those flowers he would fain pluck from some aerial cluster of blossoms? Does he hear the weeping? Does he guess how near is the solution of earth's mystery?

Moore wondered whether Azalea was happy. He hoped she was happy, but jealousy pained his hope. Then a longing desire seized him to have some communication with the child if he could not hear her voice. Why should not he have a letter from her, and try to imagine her speaking those written words? Half a dozen lines from her would be sufficient to refresh his sick wearying of soul. He drew his desk before him, and with some difficulty (owing to a confused combination of slipping spectacles, blurring tears, and one solitary candle-flame) wrote as follows:

"MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER"—"My lord won't like that if he reads it," Moore thought, with a pardonable touch of malice—"I do not know when I remember such a long summer as this has been. The leaves seem as if they never meant to fall off. I hope you have not forgotten your Virgil. It isn't every little girl who knows Virgil, and one day you may find it useful to you. There are three new little rabbits in the hutch, so small and white that to my old eyes it looks as if three puffs of swan's-down had been blown into the box.

"I don't think any thing ails me but old age; but somehow I have been feeling very sadly lately. My breath fails me at one stair instead of two, and I get a queer numbness about my right arm, so that it's quite a weight to carry about. Mind what I say about not forgetting your learning. If the world is ever unkind to you as a woman, you may find it a comfort to have the mind of a man. When does Lord Orme mean to bring you home again? I am in no haste to have you back if you are happy, but the house is very dull without you. I have lost my best spectacles, so excuse blots.

"Believe me, your affectionate father,
"GEORGE MOORE."

Moore felt comforted when he had sealed and directed his letter; it seemed already to bring him a little nearer to Azalea. He looked at the address affectionately as he stuck the envelope in a prominent position over the mantle-piece. Then he went to bed, feeling lighter at heart than he had done for many days past. When he awoke the next morning the sun was high and the air alive with the trill of birds. For an instant his eyes met the joy of the day with reciprocal brightness; then they suddenly became troubled by a dreadful anxiety.

What was it that weighed down his arms to the bed? Why did he feel so strangely cold and oppressed? He essayed to move his hand, but found that a terrible helplessness had fallen on him. God in heaven! was he never to move hand or foot any more? What was this death in life? and how near was death? He would fain have called for help, but his tongue trembled powerlessly between his lips; life's activity, life's freedom of movement, life's self-reliant vigor, had all vanished in the hours which ordinarily sustained and refreshed them. What ghastly change was this that had come to him during the unsuspiciousness of sleep? The birds, that last night folded their heads in their wings under the eaves, were making quick trembles of delight through the clear ether; the moving shadows of the cattle passed along the sun-steeped meadow; the sheep baa'd in the fold, the dogs barked in the farm-yard; all the life that had animated yesterday was vibrating now—all but his; and on him had fallen a strange and awful restraint.

"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN."

AT least one feature of the treatment of the theme of our engraving on page 373 is strikingly pathetic. That feature is the turning aside of the head of the prodigal from the injured father, and the expression in his face. The utmost shame and contrition, recollections of truest affection abused and betrayed, remorseful gratitude for the unupbraiding welcome which the father has hastened to give, are expressed in the sidelong look of the returning prodigal.

THE WHARF-BOAT.

OUR illustration on page 376 shows a peculiar institution on our Western rivers, especially on the Ohio, where, owing to the rise and fall of the water, no stationary building upon the wharf would suffice for the purposes of steam-boat, freight, and express offices, and where, therefore, a boat is made to answer such purposes. The boat is built two stories high, and is divided into compartments for business purposes. Our illustration gives a very complete idea of one of these boats at Cincinnati, Ohio.

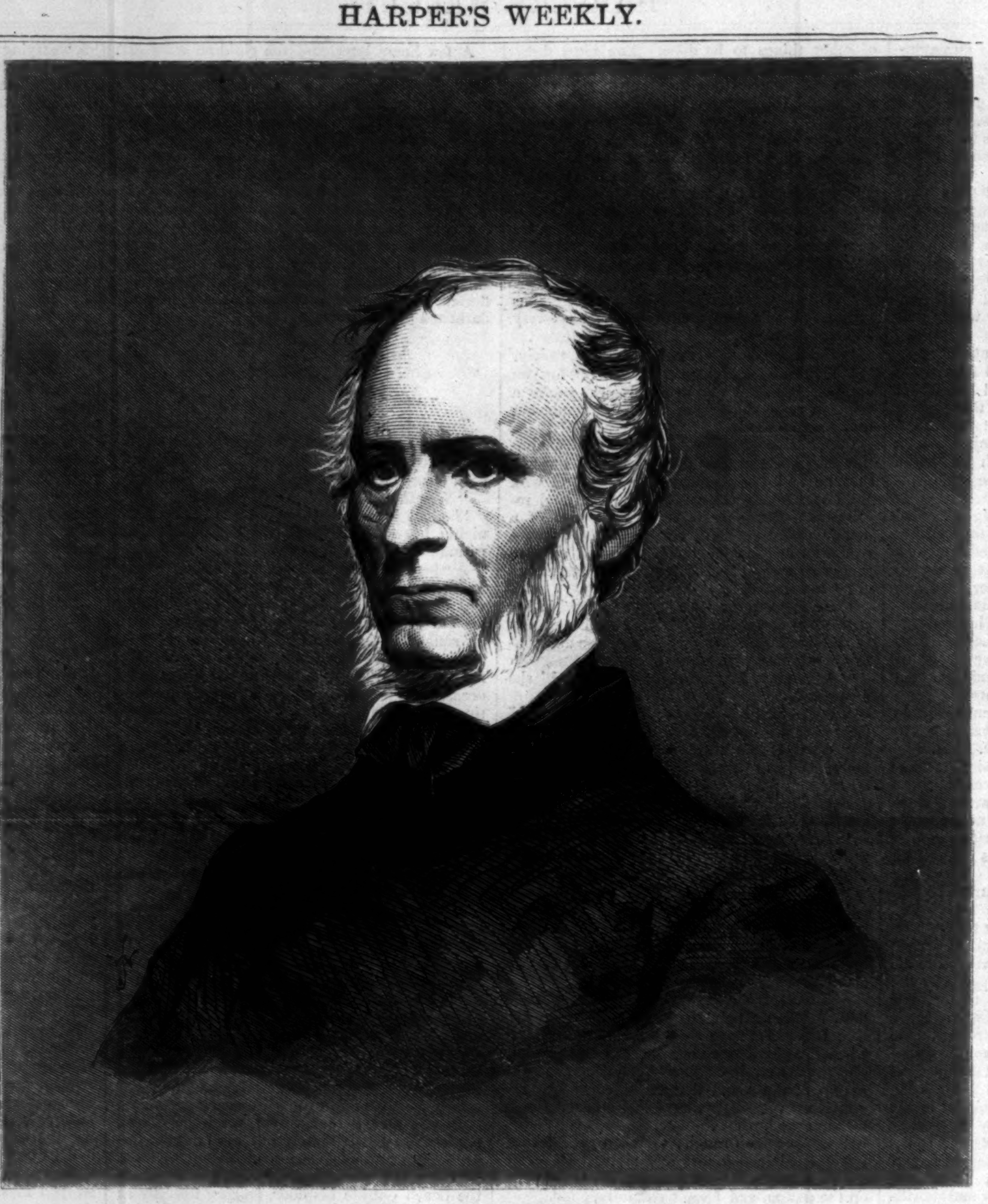
PILGRIMS ON THE PLAINS.

THE engraving on page 377 represents a scene which will soon probably become a property of the past. It shows a pilgrim or emigrant train. The wagons are in corral, and the stock which has been let loose to graze at the hour of eventide is just being driven in for the night. This hour is occupied with the principal meal of the day. The party encamped then reposes for the night, to resume its journeyings at daybreak. The Pacific Railroad will soon furnish a more convenient style of pilgrimage.

VISITING-DAY AT SING SING.

ON the days appointed for visitors at the Sing Sing Prison, in this State, the Warden's office becomes a scene of special interest. An instance of this is given in our illustration on page 380. It must be remembered that the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, of the convicts are not seldom themselves respectable members of society. But they can not desert the exile from home and friends simply because he is fallen. The sympathy which they feel destroys almost the sense of humiliation which is connected with the occasion of their visit. It is a moving spectacle which no one can witness without emotion.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

In a secluded vale on the eastern border of Haverhill, Massachusetts, not far from the line of West Amesbury, nestles an old brown farmhouse, which has been made famous by the New England idyl, "Snow-Bound." In this rural home John Greenleaf Whittier, one of the three leading American poets, was born in December, 1808. His parents were of the Society of Friends, and young Whittier was strictly brought up in the tenets of that denomination. To-day the followers of George Fox have not a more consistent fellow-member, albeit large-minded and broad in his Christian sympathies, than the "Quaker poet." He belongs to that branch of the Friends denominated "Orthodox."

The boy Whittier, passing his early years amidst the picturesqueness of his New England home, seems to have been very deeply impressed by the scenes of nature around him. In his "Barefoot Boy," the "Last Walk in Autumn," the lines on "Burns," and "Snow-Bound," we have glimpses of his personal history so vivid that we can not doubt that he "lives in them his boyhood o'er again."

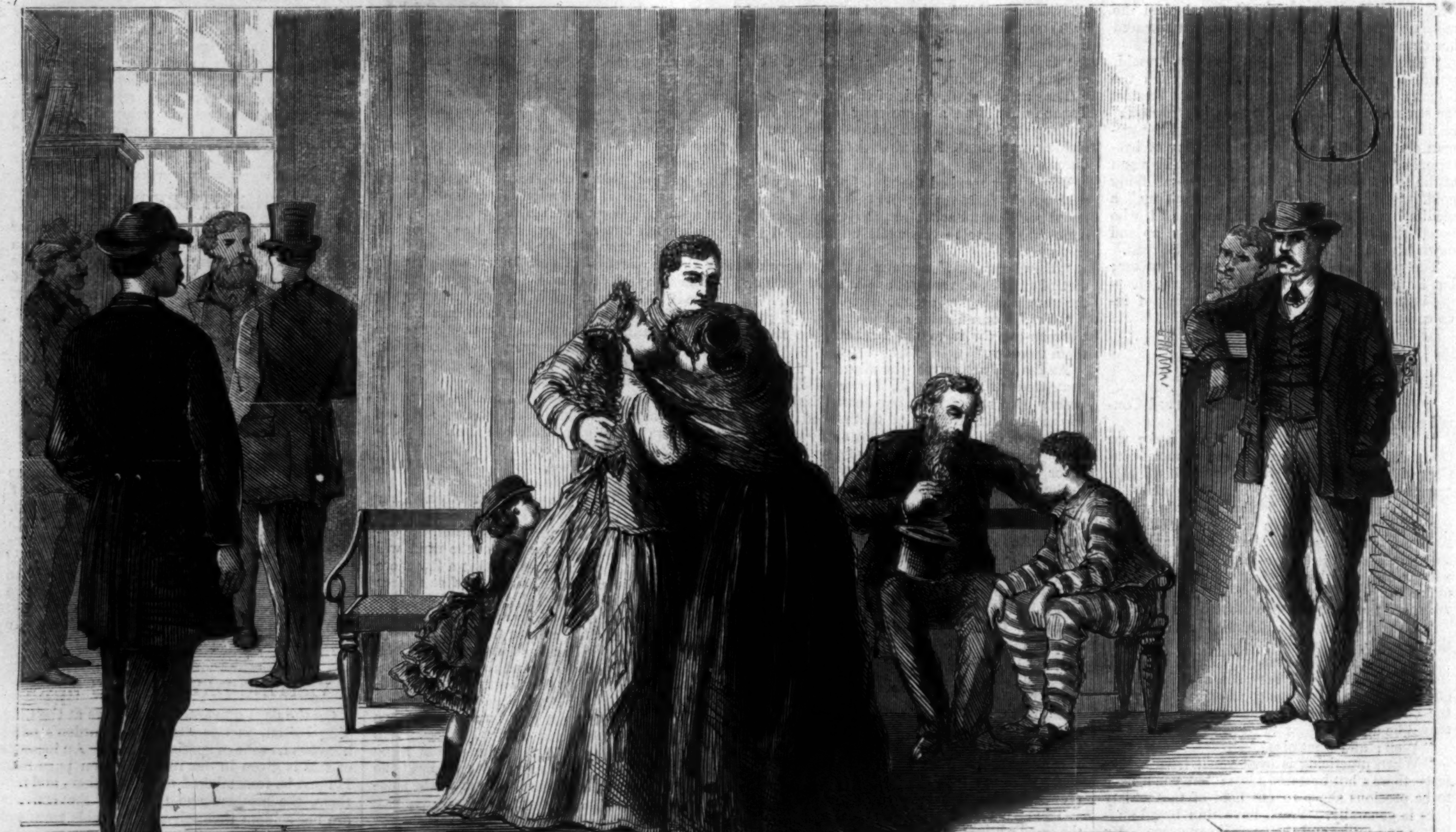
Not a hundred yards from the doorway young Whittier heard the music of that clear brook that still goes dashing over its pebbly bed to the sand-rimmed pickerel-pond, "where the whitest lilies blow." The elms around the house were peopled with the homes of swinging orioles. The woods where the boy wandered, the ferny dells, the hedges, and meadows, out of which came the odor of wild flowers, "and clover bloom and sweetbrier smell," all existed, as he tells us, for one whom, in that "boyhood's time of June," nature answered all he asked. He speaks most charmingly of these glorious days when all the world seemed fashioned for him:

"When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees.
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall.
Mine, the sand-rimmed pickerel-pond,
Mine, the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees
Apples of Hesperides!"

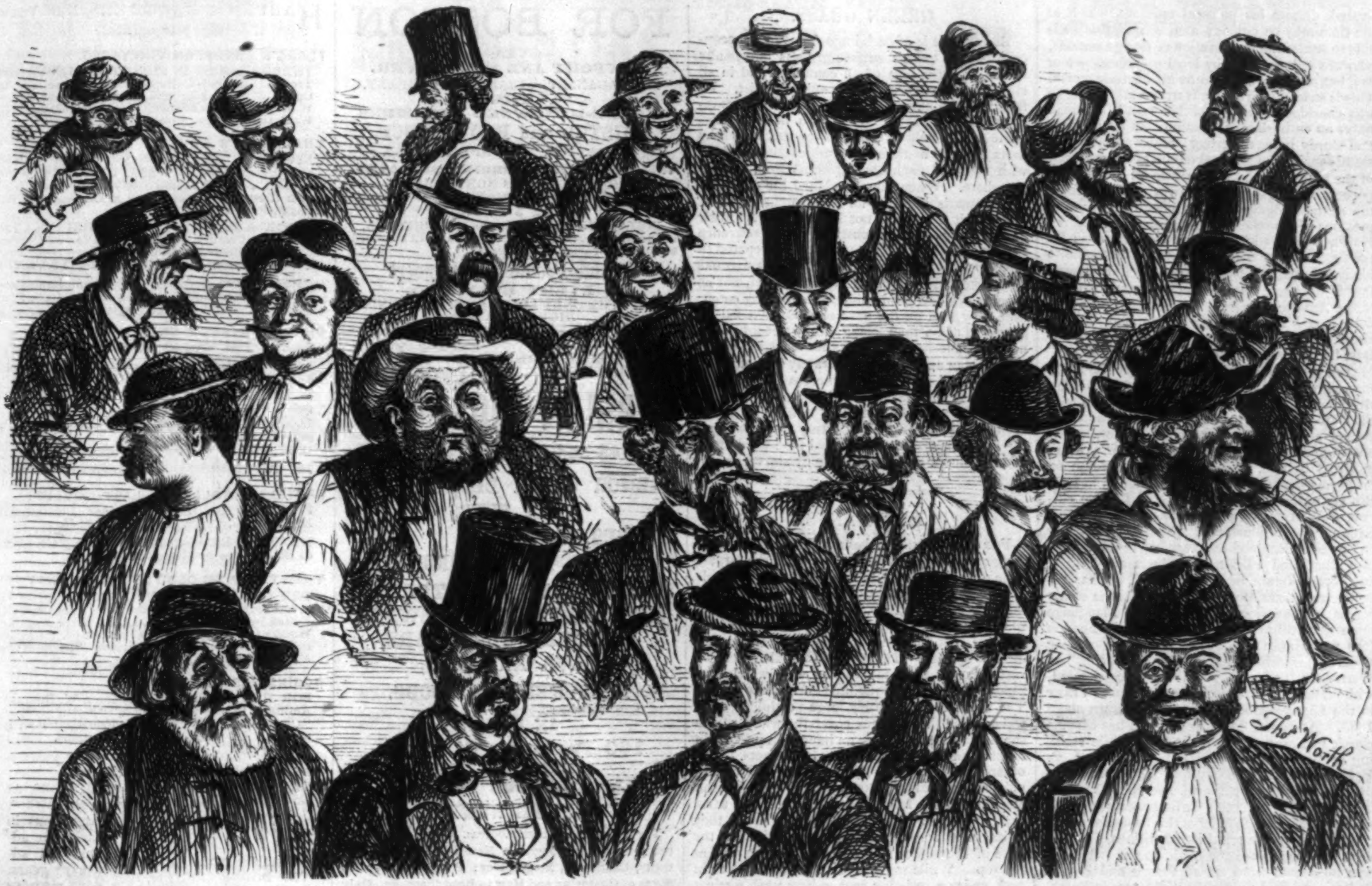
His horizon was not, however, limited to the view from the door-yard of his home. New scenes, and of wide extent, met the early gaze of Whittier. To-day, if we climb the hill behind the old farm-house and look eastward, we shall see the broad blue Atlantic rolling its waves along a picturesque shore, save where the silver Merrimac cleaves its way to the ocean between the white sands of Salisbury and Plumb Island. Turning to the northwest the hills of New Hampshire (the Nottingham and Deerfield mountains) are near at hand, while, on a clear day, the Grand Monadnock, the azure peak of Kearsarge, and the dim outline of the Green Mountains, seem as if we were having glimpses of distant Alp-land. Living amidst such scenery, and having a mother of poetic temperament, as is evident from the description of her in "Snow-Bound," we can easily see how a lad of ardent imagination could very early become steeped in the sentiment of poesy.

The round of common duties on his father's farm was varied by the winter's school, by reading, and, as he grew apace, by two years at the "Academy." He read every thing he could lay his hands upon. The delight and avidity with which he read his first copy of Burns (which poet, by-the-way, he resembles in his hearty independence and keen observance of nature) are beautifully depicted in a poem, oft repeated in the English and American press, entitled, "Burns: On Receiving a Sprig of Heather in Blossom."

At eighteen he taught the Common School in West Amesbury. When he was twenty-one he became the editor of a journal in Boston, whose aim was protection to American industry. In 1830 he went to Hartford, Connecticut, and edited the *New England Weekly Review*, which was once edited by the Connecticut poet, John G. C. Brainard, for whose "Remains" Whittier wrote the memoir in 1832. Whittier's immediate predecessor in the Hartford editorial chair was George D. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal.* It is curious to note the fact that Bryant's earliest published poem (when Bryant was only thirteen) was a political composition entitled "The Embargo," and that the poet henceforth eschewed politics, as such, in verse, but has been for more than thirty years a vigorous anti-tariff prose-writer, and a stanch defender of the rights of man; while Whittier's earliest printed efforts were arguments in prose in behalf of a tariff, the advocacy of which he has not addressed himself to for many years, but in verse he has done vigorous political battle against social wrong, and in favor of the Republican party, from the time it clearly stood on the platform of anti-slavery. His prose compositions have been more considerable and more widely circulated than is generally supposed. In 1831 appeared his "Legends of New England," and afterward that charming work, in the style of "Lady Willoughby's Diary," "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," a story of 1678. In 1850 he published a volume of essays on Bunyan, Baxter, Ellwood, Andrew Marvell, Leggett, and others, under the title of "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches."



WARDEN'S OFFICE AT THE STATE PRISON, SING SING, NEW YORK—VISITING DAY.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 379.]



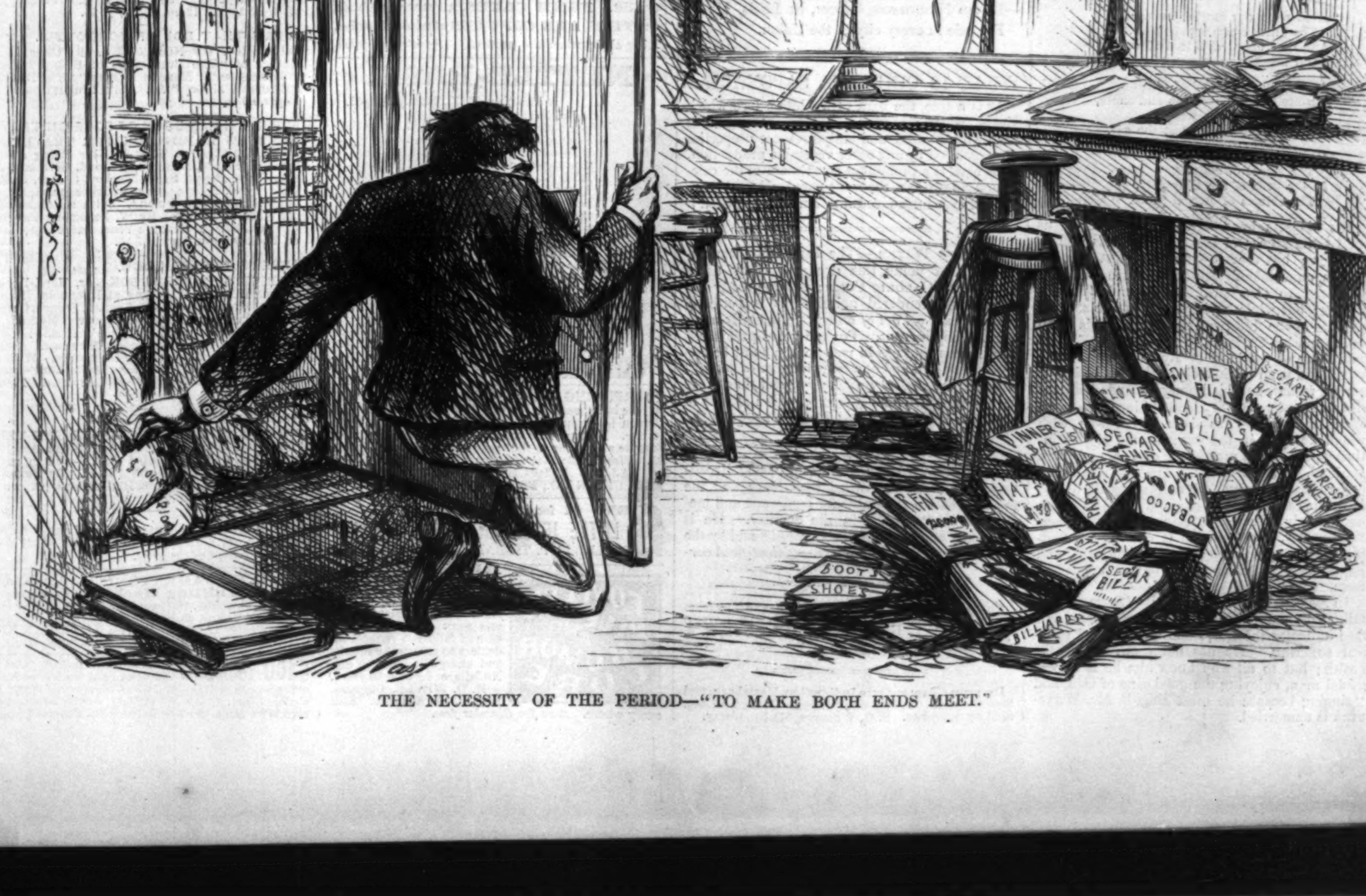
THE NECESSITY OF THE PERIOD—"EIGHT-HOUR MEN."

"Now, therefore, I, ULYSSES S. GRANT, President of the United States, do hereby direct that from and after this date no reduction shall be made in the wages paid by the Government by the day to such laborers, workmen, and mechanics, on account of such reduction of the hours of labor" TO EIGHT HOURS A DAY.

As early as 1836 he had published "Mogg Megone," a spirited poem of considerable length, in which he depicts the scenery of Maine, and paints the Indian, not in the false and romantic colors of COOPER, and some other writers both of prose and verse, but as the brute, wild red-man of the forest really is. "The Bridal of Pennecook" appeared at a later period, and contains some of WHITTIER's most vivid descriptions of nature. In 1836 he became the very active Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and also edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman* in Philadelphia. He fought, either in prose or verse, with zeal and courage, coupled with common-sense, for the slave, until no unpaid menial could be found on the broad surface of his country.

In 1840, the old farm having been sold, he took up his residence at Amesbury, in which large manufacturing town his influence for good has been felt in the promotion of education, agriculture, and social morality. He has represented Amesbury several times in the Massachusetts Legislature, but other proposed civic honors—as the unanimous nomination of his party for Congress—have always been promptly declined. For several years he was corresponding editor of the *National Era*, of Washington, the journal in which Mrs. STOWE's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" originally appeared. From 1842 up to the present date his muse has been prolific; and while he has written much to effect a temporary purpose, yet during these years he has produced much that will be an enduring monument to his name, as "Maud Muller," "the Last Walk in Autumn," "Snow-Bound," and "Among the Hills." His controversial writings, in prose and verse, on the subject of slavery, are thus described by a most competent critic, Mr. GEORGE S. HILLIARD, of Boston: "His writings are characterized by earnestness of tone, high moral purpose, and energy of expression. His spirit is that of a sincere and fearless reformer, and his fervent appeals are the true utterances of a brave and loving heart."

A man's lasting fame may be predicated when, *first*, he wins his way both to the popular heart and to the necessarily limited number of the cul-



THE NECESSITY OF THE PERIOD—"TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET."

tivated, despite his political opinions, which at the time may be odious; and, *second*, that he is able to secure the appreciation of foreign nations, who are uninfluenced by local prejudices *pro* or *con*, but only judge a man by his intrinsic worth. This is strictly true of Mr. Whittier. While he was considered the "abolition poet" (although never an enthusiast or a fanatic, but a consistent and sturdy hater of wrong), and was thus constantly under the political odium of the majority of the nation, yet he wrung from all of these opponents whose opinions were worth any thing the acknowledgment of his poetic ability, and previous to the rebellion the South, as well as the North, printed with zest long extracts from his poems. But since the whole nation has come to his stand-point no poet has had such a demand for his works, or has been more warmly pressed to the American heart. No extraneous or artificial means have been used to promote this demand. While he is a man of most retiring modesty, he has had no "mutual admiration society" to trumpet his fame at home; neither has he by foreign tours (as he has never been from his native land) made literary and social alliances with the learned and great of the Old World, and thus gained prestige across the ocean. Yet, to say nothing of the republication of his later writings in Great Britain, as early as 1840 a volume of his poems was published in England, and in 1855 Routledge issued a blue-and-gold London edition of Whittier's poems, illustrated by John Gilbert. An illustrated "Snow-Bound" was published in England one year before the American illustrated edition, and the same faithful and poetic picture of New England life has recently been translated into French. One of his poems became classic in the French language more than thirty years ago. M. G. de Felice (the well-known "G. de F." of the *New York Observer*) translated the "Vaudois Teacher" of Whittier, and this poem was incorporated, without name, by the learned and eloquent Vinet in the *Chrestomathie* of French literature about 1835. All that is in this collection has become classic in France. It was in 1849, while residing at Geneva in Switzerland, that Rev. J. C. Fletcher discovered that the "Colporteur Vaudois" in Vinet's great work and the "Vaudois Teacher" of Whittier's earliest poems were the same; and he also found that this beautiful poem, showing how those primitive Christians, the Waldenses, disseminated the truth, was as "familiar as a household word" in all France and French Switzerland, and among the Waldenses in Northern Italy. Since Italy became united and liberal the "Vaudois Teacher," in the beautiful language of Dante, is circulated from one end of the peninsula to the other. In Brazil not only have St. Pedro Luiz, Chevalier Lisboa, and other Brazilian *literati* translated into the tongue of De Camoens elegant *morceaux* of Whittier, but the Emperor, Dom Pedro II., has translated several poems of the Bard of the Merrimac, one of which (the "Cry of the Lost Soul") that monarch sent an autograph copy to the author. One line of "Maud Muller" has become a proverb, and is as often quoted in the British Parliament as in our own land, while "Barbara Frietchie" and the "Lines on the Death of Joseph Sturge" thrill England as well as America.

Some of his poems, which have obtained wide celebrity, depended for their inspiration on a very slight incident. For instance, the "Red River Voyageur" (which the London *Athenæum* pronounced one of "the simplest and most effective pieces written of late years in our language"), was suggested to Mr. Whittier by the illustration of the twin-steepled church of St. Boniface in an article on the "Red River and Beyond" in *Harper's Magazine;* and by the statement that when the weary Indian boatmen come within the sound of the bells of St. Boniface they forget fatigue, for they know that they are near their home."

"Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts as oarsmen row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow weary,
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace.

His subjects have a wide range, taking us amidst the scenes of the Old World as well as the New; but they are for the most part of themes unmistakably American. He has been compared to Cowper, Burns, and Wordsworth; but while having many of the sterling qualities of the first two, his inspiration is often loftier and his Christianity always more fervent than those of the bard of Rydal Mount. Mr. Whittier is an original observer; but he is also a great reader, and his library abounds with the choicest poetry of every land. Since the death of his mother and his sister Elizabeth, with whom he lived in the sweetest and closest intimacy, his poems are richer, deeper, and more spiritual. "Snow-Bound," the "Two Rabbis," "the Clearer Vision," and "Among the Hills" have appeared since then; and while they are exceedingly attractive to the mere lover of beautiful poetry, the Christian is cheered by finding his most cherished and consoling belief and hopes incorporated in the highest uninspired form.

In personal appearance Mr. Whittier is a tall, spare man with piercing black eyes. His face indicates thought, inner conflict, and physical suffering. He has never enjoyed robust health; but to all who know him he is a very genial man, enjoying the good gifts of God, and "singing because he must sing." Mr. Whittier is unmarried.

GREEN GRASS.

Because it is of such importance in the economy of the earth's surface grass is universally spread over the face of all countries, and in all climates where air-breathing animals exist. Its functions are extremely interesting, and certainly very remarkable. Grass acts first on inorganic matter held in solution in water, which its roots suck up at their extremities and combine with essential elements extracted from the atmosphere. When thus combined the grass becomes nourishing food for herbivorous animals. Without it they could not live at all. All their digestive apparatus is constructed with reference to appropriating food thus originally prepared in grass for their growth and health. Carnivorous animals could not feed on vegetable food, but as soon as that has been animalized by being eaten, then they feed on the flesh of those that fed on grass. Lastly, man, being omnivorous, has the necessary mechanical organs for digesting either vegetable or animal food, separately or combined. Grass, therefore, begins the process of furnishing food for the cattle on the thousand hills; men eat the beef; and so all flesh is actually grass, according to the Bible. Destroy the grass, and the great magazine of universal food would fail, and all animal life would cease by starvation.

ELEPHANTS.

For ages mankind have been familiar with the general character of the elephant, the largest animal on the globe; but travelers and naturalists are very frequently discovering new facts in regard to their habits, instincts, and sagacity, which give new interest to the character of that monster. It is now settled that there are several distinct species. Those in equatorial Africa are vastly larger than the variety with which Europeans are mostly acquainted in the East Indies. The first have immensely large pendulous ears, which when thrown back cover the whole of the shoulders, and thus serve an important purpose in fanning and keeping off annoying insects. The others have comparatively small ears, less serviceable as protecting instruments. The African elephant rarely has the two tusks of the same size or length. Ranging about in herds, they unite in actively uprooting large trees for the sake of the tender leaves they know are only at the top. While some pry and lift with the right tusk under a resisting root, others push against the trunk and thus heave it over. They are right handed, like all quadrupeds, as well as man. The right tusk, in consequence of being used most, is not only stouter and larger than the left, but often broken off at the point from misadventure in their foraging operations. Formerly, when large numbers of elephants were trained for war in the neighborhood of Calcutta, long rows of huge fellows having heavy iron chains thirty feet long fastened to a collar, at word of command would suddenly wind them round their trunks and at bidding throw them out horizontally with prodigious force, sweeping down whole platoons of soldiers at once when in close engagement.

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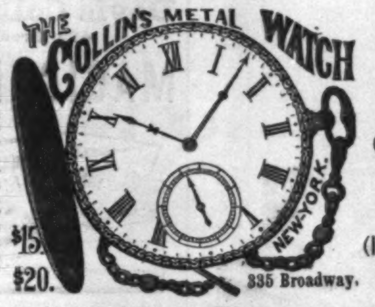

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